

JOHN BULL, April 29th, 1916.

Follow the Lead of the Wise, and see page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX, No. 517

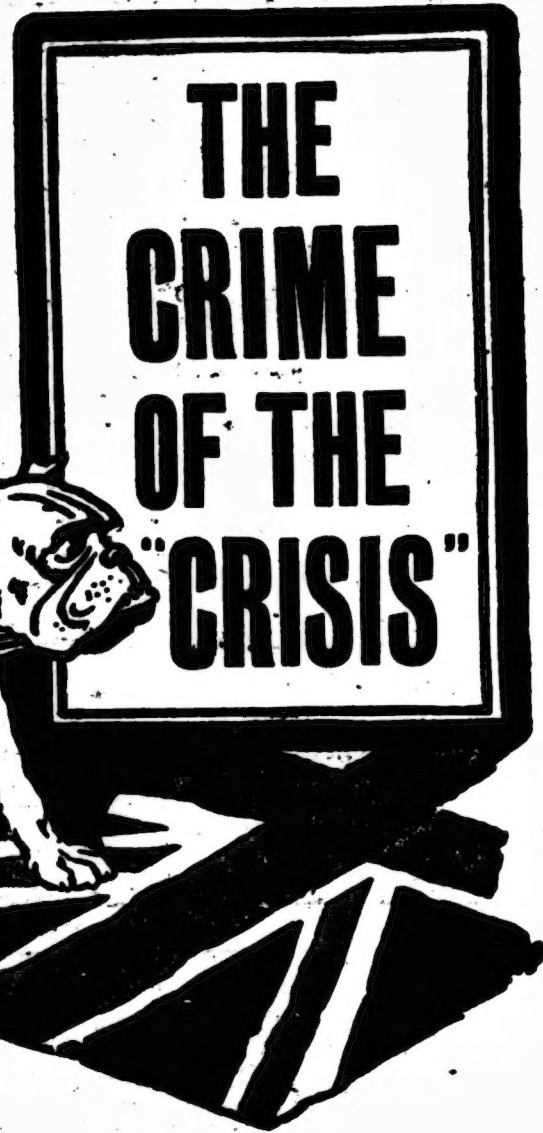
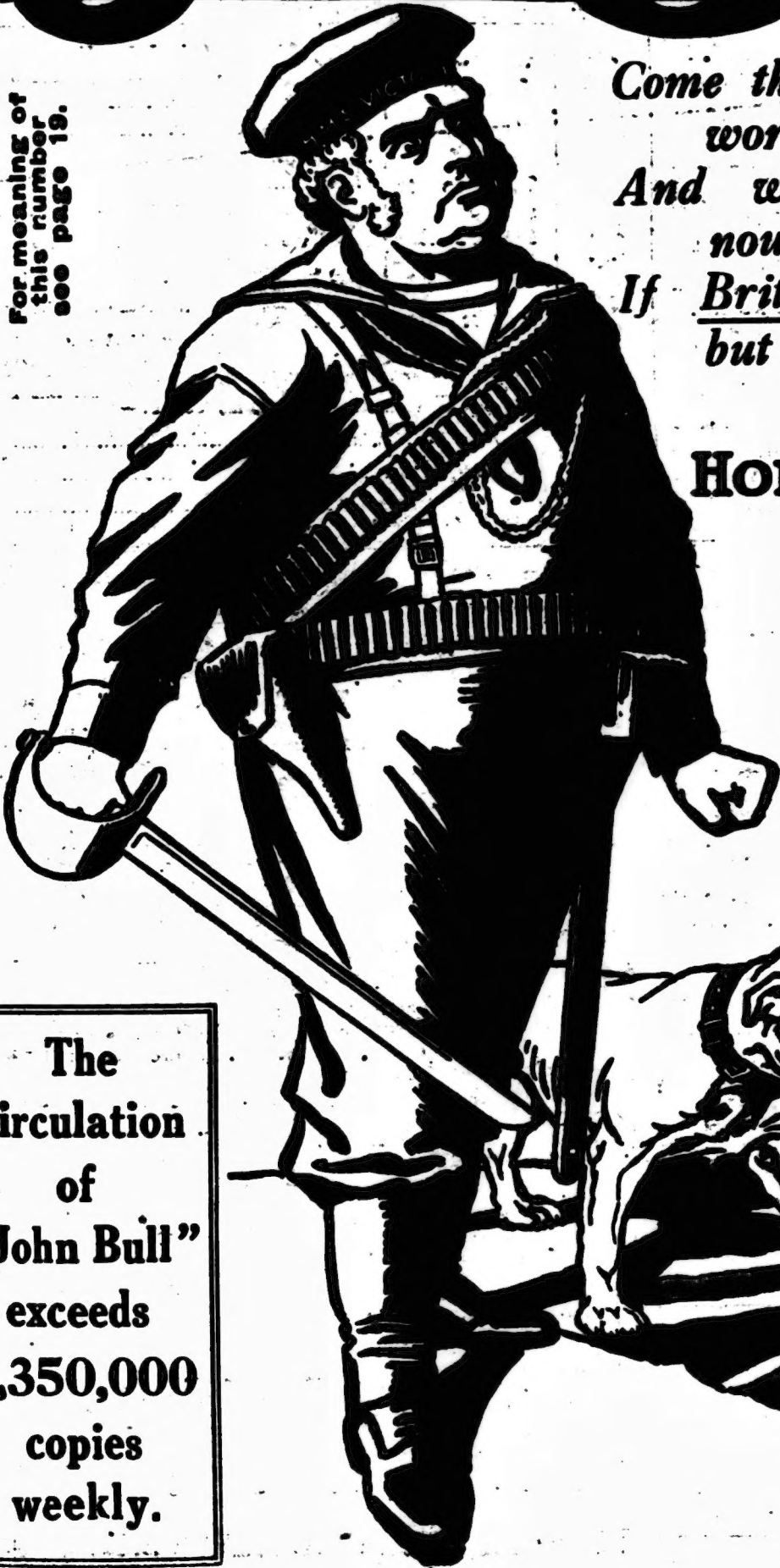
SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

*Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them:
nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest
but true.*

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



The
Circulation
of
"John Bull"
exceeds
1,350,000
copies
weekly.

303238

For meaning of
this number
see page 19.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during each period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of—
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled—
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding—
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to—
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to ...

£200

£100

£350

£25

£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other new-paper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed

April 29, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of

This is to
notify that
I have this
day

April 29, 1916.

..... and
desire you to register me as a regular subscriber
under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

OR
(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as
under, and desire to be insured against war
risks for one week from the date of receipt by
you of this form.

(Strike out one of these.)

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within
the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I
hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance,
first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the column of this issue, we will refund the money.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

The Meat for "Shy" feeding dogs.

A recognised body builder for all breeds.

The name implies the quality: spell it backwards.

Booklet and Sample free from

THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

"Like a 'gas' attack on the vermin,"
writes a Soldier from the Trenches with reference to

SOMERVILLE'S Asiatic Body Cord.



The cord is simply worn round the waist and it immediately exterminates all lice and vermin, making it impossible for them even to lodge in the clothing. Far superior and more effective than any insect powder.

One soldier writes:

"A boon to our fellows out here. Every soldier should make a point of including in his kit this essential item."

Price 1s. each, postage inland or to the Front 2d.

Special Terms for large quantities.

From Chemists, Stores, &c., or—

GEO. SOMERVILLE,

2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH. ☐

SEE THE TAGS! These
are the tags that cannot come
off and they are fitted to
Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached: it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

PATON'S BOOT LACES

for the tags cannot come off. And Paton Laces give the longest wear, the smartest appearance and are the most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear 2d. & 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 3d. do.
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 5d. do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name—Paton's

Wm. PATON Ltd, Johnstone, Scotland. E58

GRAVES

OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats, or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, &c. Gun, Cutlery and Tools, Presses, Lino, Silver Necessaries, &c. (1000 Goods) in the Catalogue.

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Our Booklet J.B. sent
post free will tell you
all about it. Write to-
day to Secretary,
A.B.C. School of Draw-
ing, 210, Strand
London.

JOHN BULL

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XIX. No. 517.

Week ending Saturday, April 29th, 1916.

One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Asquith the Adroit.

So we were right last week when, speaking of the Cabinet "Crisis" then developing, we put our money on Asquith to steer the ship through the storm. Of the wider, and more serious, aspect of the matter we speak elsewhere.

General Townshend.

And we are afraid we were right, too, when we warned the public to be prepared for bad news from Mesopotamia. God Save Townshend—or the Devil take his betrayers, whoever they may be!

Wimbledon.

The result of the poll must have been another eye-opener to the Government. Despite the Premier's well-timed warning that the defeat of the Coalition would constitute a "national disaster of the most formidable kind," nearly 20,000 of the electors abstained from voting, and over 7,000 of the 16,000 who recorded their votes were for the Business Candidate. No wonder the Cabinet "came to an agreement"!

East Herts.

Lord Salisbury told his fellow peers the other day that the Government is losing the confidence of the country. Does this come of the Cecils having been successfully bearded in their den? Pity his Lordship didn't talk like that during the East Herts election!

The Other Bull.

Sir William Bull's declaration that "a great trade is being bled to death" by the Liquor Control Board is no exaggeration. But Dr. Addison is not the physician to cure the patient.

The "Boy Scout."

That is what they have been calling the amiable Mr. Acland, M.P., who has been lolling in uniform on the Treasury bench these months past. But now the Army Council has insisted on plain clothes for Ministers. They can't be both fighting men and talking men. And so Acland has had to drop his khaki! Poor boy!

"P.B."

We have not heard the last of that letter of Sir J. Boraston to Mr. Arthur Balfour, in which it is alleged the Unionist Party Agent asked the First Lord of the Admiralty for material wherewith to "discredit" the Air candidate. By the way, a similar thing happened on the eve of the Mile End election, when Mr. Balfour, in response to a desperate appeal, *did* issue a manifesto "discrediting" Mr. Pemberton Billing. Dirty business politics, isn't it?

Starchfield.

So poor Starchfield, whom we saved from hanging for a crime he had not committed, has handed in his checks—almost his last words being a reiteration of his innocence.

Railway Dining Cars.

As a constant traveller on the railways, we protest against the decision of certain lines to discontinue the luncheon and dinner services. There is no reason whatever why women and girls could not do both the cooking and the waiting—and there are plenty of middle-aged men, ineligible for military service, who could act as Superintendents. This is one of those plausible "war economies" which do more harm than good.

These Steel Helmets.

Poor Herbert Samuel! Doesn't he know that the steel helmets which the pertinacious Hogge, M.P., suggested are not to be a protection against the dropped bomb, but against the bursting shell of the anti-aircraft guns? Really, the Home Office might give some thought to the craniums of the police.

Insulting Jewry.

Whatever was the Editor of the *National Review* thinking of when he permitted the writer of "Episodes of the Month," in a recent issue, to fling wholesale insult at the Jewish race? He tells us that the "International Jew, wherever he may live, is a German at heart, always awaiting the call of the King of Prussia," and that "the defeat of Germany by Russia would be regarded by him as a much greater disaster for International Jewry, *which is all he cares about*, than the defeat of Great Britain by Germany"! A nice return for the splendid valour of the Jews who have fought—and bled and died—for us at the Front!

When Politicians Fall Out—

Then honest men get the truth. Even so astute and brilliant a journalist as the distinguished Editor of the *Daily News*, in castigating Mr. Lloyd George, lets the cat out of the bag about the licensing restrictions. Listen to this: "No doubt there was ground for the accusations of drunkenness and slackness, but that the case was grossly exaggerated is beyond doubt; and the method of reproof which seemed to stain a whole class *with the faults of a few* was deplorably mistaken." Will "A. G. G." just look up the file of his paper and compare these words with what he will find in its columns at the time of Mr. Lloyd George's declaration? What he says *now* is what *we* said then.

Everywoman's.

This splendid little paper has thoroughly caught on. Amongst the exhibitors in the Baby Competition we find Mrs. Tennant, the wife of the Under-Secretary for War; whilst in addition to a recent contribution from Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hughes is writing a special message to the Women of Britain. And last—but certainly not least—is our own series of articles—"If I Were a Woman." Just try a copy on the wife and daughter.

Don't let despair follow disaster. See page 11 of cover.

A Particular Baptist.

A minister of the Particular Baptists, with a little bethel at Swavesey, recently prayed for those who did not wish to join the Army, and expressed the hope that they would not have to go, but forgot to make the slightest reference to the men fighting their country's battles at the Front. Not that it matters much. The Lord doesn't listen to everybody.

The Bad Example.

The Post Office is unrepentant. At the S.E. District Office they have abolished candles on the stairs and replaced them with lamps labelled "Made in Germany." The staff would prefer the candles as of yore. Exactly the same thing has occurred at the S.W.D.O. It is gravely proposed to start a rifle range on the staircase there, with the "Made in Germany" abominations as targets. It is, seriously speaking, regrettable to find the P.O. people so negligent of ordinary commercial decency. Why buy the horrors?

Permission to Travel.

Manchester men will readily recognise the hotel proprietor who is the hero of the following veracious yarn. He was sitting at the seat of custom when there entered unto him a stranger, with foreigner stamped upon his swarthy lineaments. The same sign marked his accent as he announced "I want to book a room." "What is your nationality?" "I am an Austrian, but I have permission of the Home Office to travel." "Well—travel," said that proprietor. And it is written that the man did thereupon travel accordingly.

Parson or Publican?

There was a vacancy on the Board of Guardians at Warrington, and the members met for the purpose of filling it. There were two nominations, a clergyman, and a licensed victualler. After some speeches in favour of the parson, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Guardian Knowles said he thought Mr. Taylor "would be a rival to some of the members—as a talker. He wanted them to take the advice of JOHN BULL—'Let us have a Business Board and not so much talking.'" Whereupon the Guardians elected the licensed victualler, Mr. Siddeley. Congrats. to Warrington!

Tribunal Family Parties.

The Brightlingsea Military Service Committee unearthed some strange facts concerning Tribunals. On one of these bodies sits a gentleman who would not raise his hand against a German attempting to break into his house, and on the Council who elected him were four members of military age, and of others elected, six were claiming exemption for their own sons. In another case application for exemption was made by a man whose father read it to the Tribunal on which he sat; another member was his partner in business, one had been his partner, and yet another was a relative!

Favours for Fees.

A German woman, with a name we prefer not to spell, was charged with "insulting words and behaviour" at Wood Green. She went to see her husband, interned at Alexandra Palace, but, being drunk, was not admitted. Thereupon, like a real German lady, she made sundry reflections upon the British Government for allowing her only 7s. 6d. a week, and did not hesitate to assail the memory of Queen Victoria. However, the Magistrate, Mr. Rice, let her go, saying as he did so, "If you were an Englishwoman we should probably have fined you." We have often protested against preferential treatment for Huns, but we think this is the first time it has been proclaimed from the Bench.

Look on this Picture—

A foreman at one of our largest munition works recently refused to grant one-and-a-half hour's leave of absence to a man who wished to attend the funeral of a late colleague.

—And on That.

The same foreman, a few weeks earlier, had given himself the pleasure of half a day off with one of the lady clerks, a school teacher by profession, who had obtained employment for a few weeks at the works to while away the vacation. Such, sometimes, are the fantastic tricks of those "drest in a little brief authority."

The Pampered Hun.

We are whole-hearted admirers of the Y.M.C.A.—except when its members "in their spare time" organise classes in study and languages for the benefit of German prisoners. Considering how German martyrs our lads imprisoned in their hells, the pampering of Huns over here is a scandal, and Y.M.C.A. workers might well find a worthier occupation.

"Agony."

The Government must have thought the Coalition candidate's chances at Wimbledon rather shaky, judging by the fact that it was deemed necessary to publish a display advertisement in the "Agony" columns of certain newspapers, appealing for the loan of motor cars to assist Sir Stuart Coats. This resorting to columns commonly devoted to the agonised messages of distracted lovers shows what a fluttering there *must* have been in the Party doves.

Backward Barrow.

After Bideford, Barrow—where the City fathers, thirty-two all told, furnished but four of their number with pluck enough to vote against any future contracts with enemy subjects. It was Manchester's resolution in that regard which led the way, but Barrow's palsied limbs refused to follow the strong, stern lead of Cottonopolis—for fear, as one timorous Councillor put it, that Germany might be offended. It did not strike him that, though the step might be distasteful to Germany, it would greatly gratify the whole British Empire. Barrow did not think of that.

A Miner's Payticket.

We hope it is not—and, indeed, do not believe it is—a fair average example. Such as it is, however, we give it. It is that of an ironstone miner employed by the Crinkle Park Mining Co., Ltd. Two days' working produced two tons of ironstone at 1s. 5½d. a ton. Deductions are for blasting powder, 4½d. lb., 2d. hospital ticket in case of accident, and 8d. for Mr. Lloyd George. This leaves 4d. to be drawn as net wages, "and had the miner used another pound of powder he would not only have been *sans* wages, but would actually have been in the Company's debt."

The Boys' Wreath.

Just recently, at the Blue-coat Boys' School, Hereford, there died a little scholar of 12 years. Some of his playmates accompanied the Head-master to the funeral, walking six or seven miles out into the country, and they left a tribute of their love on the grave in the form of a permanent wreath. The Head-master has now received from the Rector of Eaton Bishop a reminder that "there is due from you the sum of 21s. for the glass case you placed in the churchyard." The Rector went on to suggest a stone or iron cross instead, for which the fee is "only 10s.," and offered to send a book of designs. Anyway, as the offending "glass case" was placed on the sacred turf by the "lads under your charge," the Head-master must "either pay the fee or remove it." It seems like a sad case of fee-grabbing in the graveyard. One would think that, the few feet of earth having been bought and paid for, it would be permissible to place a wreath thereon. But the Church says No.

The Fountain Pen without a flaw—the "John Bull" Pen.

More Co-Op. Profits.

Here we are again! Glossop and Hadfield Co-operative Societies, respectively: Receipts—Glossop, £125,000; Hadfield, £65,500, total, £190,500. Profits—Glossop, £17,700; Hadfield, £9,800; total, £27,500. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not collect a cent income-tax from them, either in war or peace!

Dodd-Simpson's Dodge.

The Dodd-Simpson Press, of Montreal, is still pestering the "next-of-kin" of Canadian soldiers in this country for 15s. 9d., for the first two volumes of *The War Pictorial*. The books can be printed with a "dedication" to any soldier, or a special dedication is permitted for an extra half-dollar, this being an appeal to conceit or vanity which will surely be resented by the manly men of Canada. Dodd-Simpson say the names have been furnished by the Canadian Government. We hope not; indeed, it is hard to think official recognition should be given to this distasteful form of book-hawking.

War Economy Personified.

The Rev. E. P. Blakeney, Vicar of Wadsley, in Sheffield, is anxious for subscriptions—not for anything connected with the local War Hospital, of which he is Chaplain, but for the purchase of new Communion vessels, as the present ones are "only plated." "I am anxious," he says, "that the new set should be made of solid silver." The estimate is £45, "and a very nice set could be purchased for that amount." We trust the parishioners will be able to think of a better way of spending any money they can spare.

Taking the Biscuit.

At Reading the other night there was a Zeppelin scare. The town was plunged in darkness. Silence reigned supreme. Suddenly out rang the warning, sounding like a large collection of hooters and foghorns. Pandemonium was turned on full-tap, almost were the very heavens rent in twain, and Reading knew the Huns were Somewhere in the Air. And Reading knew it for upwards of half-an-hour, the hooters being kept going continuously "lest they forgot." To blot out the lights of a town, and then advertise its whereabouts by shrieking to the skies, does, indeed, take the H. and P.

"L. G. O. C."

The case of the 'bus inspector at the Front whose wife receives rs. 1d. weekly as "part salary," is explained by the Company. The practice is to make up the wages of men with the Colours to four-fifths of the original amount. The wife in this instance receives a Government allowance for herself and children, amounting to nearly that four-fifths proportion, and the Company pays the balance of rs. 1d. It is paid out of the T. O. T. fund, half of which is subscribed by the men and half by the Company, and the inspector himself paid rs. a week into the fund until he joined up on New Year's Day last. In these circumstances, we still think the Company might be a little more generous.

Profits on the Taxes.

'Twas ever thus! No sooner does a Chancellor of the Exchequer put a tax on anything in this country than the people engaged in the production or distribution of it immediately start to squeeze out of the rest of the community a big profit on the tax. This has happened in the case of the safety match. The old price was 3½d. a dozen; the new tax is 2 4-5d. a dozen, and the match manufacturer has now commenced to "touch" the consumer for 8d. a dozen. Not only so, but he holds up pre-taxation stocks, and then unloads them upon the public at a profit of 4d. a dozen above the profit which would have been normally realised on them. And, as usual, the Government lie low and say nuffin'.

Milk-O!

From what we have said from time to time about O'Neill and the Milk Ramp, it will be gathered that we entirely agree with Mr. W. J. Shenfield, an experienced Colchester dairyman, that "to advance milk to sixpence a quart is scandalous." The best answer of the public to unconscionable exploitation of the kind is to buy as little milk as possible.

The Golden Clyder.

Not for a second would we doubt the statement of a certain Clyde shipbuilder that many shipyard workers thereabouts are at present earning £500 a year. It is also true that many thousands of skilled workers on munitions are earning wages as high. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the courage of a lion and the instincts of a highwayman when it comes to relieving the pockets of the £500-a-year professional or business man, has not the pluck of a worm when it comes to making an income-tax levy on these highly-paid workers. Why shouldn't they be made to pay their share of direct war taxation like others of the community who are within assessable limits?

More about Drink.

Once upon a time you could take a man to the water, but you could not make him drink. Now things look like being different; for what with the brewers on the one hand and D'Abernon and Co. on the other, it is probable that, in a week or two, water—or the new teetotal ale, which is practically the same thing—will be the only refreshment anybody under the status of a canteen contractor, a Munitions Minister, or a millionaire, can afford to drink. Latest is that the Burton brewers are putting up prices to what on retail will amount to a penny a pint more. The Water Board has only to enhance the price of water and we shall all be going about with our tongues hanging out, soliciting the kindly heavens for a cheap drink of rain.

"Vous-avez du Sucre, n'est-ce pas?"

From all accounts, the Ministry for Sugar are not as nasty about the Sugar Trick as they ought to be. They intimate that they "have no objection to retailers declining to sell sugar without other goods, but the choice of the other goods must be left to the customer." The result is that poor people who haven't any money for "other goods" will not get any sugar at all; which is a thundering shame. In fact, it is a more thundering shame than it would be for a shopkeeper to decline to sell the Commissioners matches unless they bought cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, walking sticks or umbrellas. What we say is that, while sugar is for sale, the shops should be compelled to supply it for household needs to anybody who can pay for it, independent altogether of whether other goods are ordered or not.

"An Englishman Abroad."

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, of London University, tells us that the remarks we quoted, from a Philadelphia paper, were never made by him to an audience of college girls, nor to any other audience whatever. After his lecture, which was not reported, there was some talk between him and a few friends, and out of it an imaginative journalist, whose presence was unsuspected, concocted the "outrageous perversion" that appeared in print. It was this enterprising reporter who dubbed Mr. Ratcliffe "Dr.," an honour unclaimed by him, and that decorative touch is a sample of the wholesale untruth in the rest of the report. Mr. Ratcliffe was thanked by Britons everywhere in America for his many lectures, and he is naturally annoyed that the quoted sentiments should be ascribed to him. They are not his opinions, and he never uttered them—so we willingly print his disclaimer in order, as he says, to put him right with our readers.

"Everywoman's" is "John Bull's" sister paper.

LET THE KING RULE!

THE CRIME OF THE "CRISIS"—ARE WE ALL MAD?

BY THE EDITOR.

In God's name, where are we? Has the nation gone stark, staring mad? Do we know we are at war? Do we realise that, after forty years of preparation—whilst our politicians slept—Germany has descended upon Europe with the mightiest, cruellest, completest fighting machine ever born of the ingenuity of the Devil, and that only the providential barrier of the sea around our shores has so far saved us from invasion, murder, spoliation and rapine? I say deliberately "so far"—for God alone knows to what parlous state these Westminster Wranglers have reduced us. We are now "officially" informed that this—very—latest "Cabinet Crisis" has been passed. *Curse* the Cabinet and *damn* the "Crisis"! I am fed-up with these fellows. Whether or not Mr. Asquith is able to announce that "unity" has been restored in the Dovecotes of Downing Street, I care not a jot. The fact remains that we are sitting on a volcano. At any moment the great eruption may come. This blessed Coalition fraud may be broken up or patched up—what does it matter? Nothing can alter the fact that we *have not got the men for the job*. War, as I have so often insisted, is not a political affair—it is grim, ghastly, bloody, brutal business; and only the sailors and the soldiers can tackle it.

REALITY versus THEORY.

The fact is, we have suddenly come upon a period of reality—of things which matter. All the old "Schools of Thought" are obsolete. Fancy bothering our heads about "Thought" in a war like this. Every "theory of government," every doctrine of "international jurisprudence," must be thrown to the dogs—to the dogs of war. Our game to-day—our *only* game—is killing Germans—killing them by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, by the million if possible; killing them by Sword and Shot, by Flame and Shell and Gas. And when the breed has been exterminated, then we will let the Politicians talk again. But till then the Navy and the Army must govern and control us. The other day I listened to a man of the old school of "liberal" ideas. "It will be a bad day for the country," said this man (and I quote him because he is a representative of a large class—the class from which the Westminster Wrangler is developed)—"it will be a bad thing for the country when the Government has to take its orders from the Army," he said. Can you understand such an attitude of mind as that—*whilst the war is on*? Surely it would be a greater calamity for the Army to have to take its orders from the Government. What is the Government but a pack of lawyers and philosophers—with scarcely a sprinkling of Business brains amongst the lot? And the country has found them out. Just consider for a moment their record in this war. Take some of their confident statements: "Russia is a spent force and has made her contribution"; Mesopotamia "is the one bright spot." Poor Townshend! The German fleet were

to be "dug out" of the Kiel Canal "like rats from their holes"; we were "within a few miles (in the Dardanelles!) of the greatest victory of the war"; the Zepps were to be met "by a swarm of hornets"; we were never short of munitions—whoever said so "was telling lies." What do you think of it? And now these very Incompetents, whilst quarrelling amongst themselves, tell us that the one and only thing they are "unanimous" about is that if they gave up the reins of office it would be "a national disaster of the most formidable kind." *To Jericho with the lot of them!* When will they realise that the British public is utterly indifferent to them and their doings? What a relief it will be to know that they have at length started to "deliberate" in private. Nobody wants to read their tosh. Their combined efforts, and all their shrieking, cannot bring more than 50 per cent. of the electors to the poll—and half of them, even, vote dead against them! For over a year I was patient, and did all in my power to induce my readers to give, first the Liberal, and then the Coalition Government, every chance—but they are hopeless. And the worst of it is that they are positively in the way. We cannot get on with the war whilst they are interfering with it. *There is but one solution.*

LET THE KING RULE!

That is the only remedy. We have proposed it in this journal again and again—and it was the battle-cry of Mr. Kennedy Jones at Wimbledon. Here is what he said: "I stand for the appointment of a real War Council, in which the three fighting services—Army, Navy and Air—shall be represented, together with Munitions, Finance and Labour, and representatives of our Overseas Dominions—the whole Council to be under the presidency of the King." That is what over 7,000 out of 16,000 electors voted for. And that is what the people are now demanding. It is the only way. Let the King *be* king! Let him exercise his constitutional right and dissolve Parliament till after the war, and govern the nation in Council—a special War Council, on the lines I have just quoted. I appeal earnestly to his Majesty to adopt this course. His throne—his Empire—is at stake. Nearly two years of bloody battle have changed the character of his subjects. They have got back to realities—to first principles; AND THEY WANT A KING. A year ago Kitchener and Fisher were names to conjure with—but even they are losing their glamour. The People want A KING—freed from the shackles of "Constitutional" convention. Let the King rule—God Save the King! He is, as I have so often said, the hereditary President of the British Republic—saving all competition and contest for the post; and in the same way, if he will consent to become President of the War Council, that will automatically put an end to all these personal intrigues of the politicians, which are jeopardising the very existence of the British Empire. Just reflect for a

moment upon the spectacle thus presented during this latest "crisis"—*which, as sure as the sun rises, will break out again before long.* There was, of course, the Lloyd George party and those of us who are behind the scenes know how complete were its plans for what the French call a *coup d'état*; there was Mr. Churchill, suddenly back from the Front—flitting here, there and everywhere; there was Mr. Bonar Law; and there was Sir Edward Carson—all "in the running"; and, finally, there was poor Mr. Asquith, driven nearly out of his mind. It was a disgusting, nauseating sight—at which all the Allies wondered. I ask the King to step in and put an end to it. His Council is ready at hand; his People are ready, too. Failing some such remedy, I fear the worst.

PLAIN WORDS TO THE POLITICIANS.

Those who believe in me and have followed my writings since the outbreak of war, will acquit me of being a Dismal Jimmy. I have asserted and re-asserted my unalterable faith in the justice of our cause, and in the might and majesty of the British Empire. I know of what splendid stuff the great British people are made; and if I ever had any doubt of the wonderful destiny of this Imperial race, the glorious answer of the Empire's sons to the call of the Motherland would have stilled them. But I never have had any doubt as to the power and purpose of the People. I have hoped against hope that the politicians—I wish I could call them statesmen—would rise to the magnificence of their opportunity and in their resolution to win, their determination to fight with every weapon we could use, would help us to carry through this war to a speedy and a victorious end. But I say, here and now, with deep sorrow and yet with a choking sense of indignation, that unless the men who whimper in the hour of peril—who dare not make the call the country is ready to answer—unless these men are deprived of the power they abuse, we shall waste precious months in finishing the war, and shall sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives which, but for their damnable incompetence and criminal indecision might yet swell the chorus of victory from living throats. I declare that the Cabinet have no right to patch and patch, to give way here and "compromise" there, when the nation knows its duty and is ready to do it. Who cares whether this man or that man retains his office? What does it matter to the nation that men who in peace times, in the days of political sham fights and sectarian squabbles, stood forth in the limelight of partisanship, are scrapped on the dustheap of Inefficiency? Do not tell me that this great Empire is bankrupt of ability—is unable to find men capable of replacing these Incompetents. I know different, and I say that unless we secure an immediate change of policy in the conduct of the war it will not be by constitutional means that the British people will express their indignation and disgust. I say to you politicians, you are doing your best to lose the war; you are doing your best to give a false impression to our glorious Allies; you do not represent the spirit of the People. Unless you pluck up moral courage and act like men, this nation will rise in its wrath, will hurl you from power, and will demand that the Sovereign shall do what millions feel should have been done at the first throb of war—hand over the conduct of the mighty conflict to men who know how to fight, and who, under the King whose com-

missions they hold, will carry it through with stern unbending strength and courage to a magnificent triumph. Ever since the first brief days of the autumn of 1914, when you seemed for a moment to understand what we expected of you and appeared to be justifying our faith, you have failed to trust the people—and now the people are losing, if they have not already lost, their trust in you. It may be necessary to convince M.P.s by secret information of the need for stronger action—the nation requires *no* convincing. As I have said before, the People are ahead of you. Why can't you realise that the national heart is strong and sound—that it is only at Westminster that the wobblers flourish and the whiners have their day? The necessity for a secret Session is an insult to our race. What good will it do? You are placing the "facts" before men who have ceased to represent anybody, in the hope that *their* support—not *ours*—may be secured. How will *that* improve your position? Who will have to bear the burden and the sacrifice? Not you highly-paid Ministers and lawyer-M.P.s—who will plead that your work for the State—Heaven save the mark!—exempts you from military service. *You* will not pay the price. It is the Clerk, the small Shop-keeper, the Married Man of the Middle Classes—he it is who will be true to his country, even though it means giving up hearth and home and the love and comfort of wife and family. Yet you find it necessary to make your plans in secret—thus to hide from public view the sickening exhibition of your petty quarrels and ineptitude.

AFTER TWENTY MONTHS.

In God's name, and for the cause we are fighting, save the country from the politicians! I repeat we have reached the point when the King must rule in fact as well as in name. Let him call to his counsels a trusted soldier, a tried sailor, and just a few strong men in whom the nation has confidence. Then we shall see an end of this criminal indecision, which is postponing the hour of victory and bringing palsy to our fighting arm. We went into this great quarrel with our eyes open. It was in answer to the call of outraged Belgium, of our brave friend France, and gallant Russia—which is not only winning fresh victories in the East, but is joining up with us on the fields of Flanders—Russia, that "spent force" of the politician!—that we took up the challenge of the Hun. Twenty months of war; millions of money spent; hundreds of thousands of lives forfeited on the battleground—and still the politician hesitates; still our "statesmen" mistake the People's will, and misunderstand the depth and power of the people's resolve. They have been false to their trust; they have hesitated to strike when striking would have brought death and destruction; and when they *have* struck, the blow has too often been feeble and halting—not bold and relentless. They are playing with the destinies of a great Imperial people and dissipating in words and controversies the strength and the spirit that should be concentrated on the fight. Enough of this fooling, you Westminster wranglers; quit yourselves like men, or at least have the manliness to surrender the power you are afraid to use, and leave to other heads and hands the splendid task, the great endeavour, which—performed in singleness of aim and with unity of purpose—will yet bring triumph to the cause of Civilisation and beat under foot a hated and a degraded foe!

THE TRUTH ABOUT LLOYD GEORGE.

A CANDID REJOINDER TO HIS FLEET STREET TRADUCERS.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe"*).

A struggle is proceeding within the Cabinet; its influence extends to the political world outside Downing Street. Its effect is already apparent; its ultimate result, who can foresee? It is a fight between the man who wills to do, the man who would wage the war mercilessly, relentlessly, heedless of anything and everything but victory, and the man of caution, who prefers to proceed by steps; it is the rush tactics of the soldier against the slow movements of the politician. Or, to put it another way, it is Celtic fire opposed to Yorkshire caution. For a long time the newspapers tried to make the public believe that all that was ordered by the Government was the outcome of the deliberations of a united Cabinet. That miserable untruth is now openly admitted; it is useless crying unity where there is nothing but disruption. The question now is, who best represents the spirit of the nation—Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George? The one has been assailed in the Press and on the platform as the apostle of a gospel of procrastination; the other is acclaimed wherever men meet in public assembly as the personification of Push; the antithesis of "Wait and see." I have just been through the heat and rush of the Wimbledon election, and I declare that while the name of the Prime Minister was received at every popular gathering with silence or something not less expressive, the mere mention of Mr. Lloyd George called forth enthusiastic acclaim.

WAR'S REFINING INFLUENCE.

Personally, I hold no brief for either of these men. If I cast my mind back to the weeks immediately preceding the war, I recall, as it were, in some dim and misty past, feelings which were shared by at least half my countrymen. But the war deadened party sentiment and swept away all bitterness and rancour. It left the Prime Minister and the then Chancellor of the Exchequer high and dry above the muddy pools of controversy; it found every patriotic man ready to believe the best of them and anxious to forget as well as to forgive. But war is also a great revealer. It lays bare the souls as well as the minds of men; it tests temperament and puts character through the furnace. Why is it that men who hated the name of Lloyd George to-day proclaim him as the only member of the Cabinet who represents the true spirit of the People. Is it because he is of the People? No, I think not. There are other men in the Cabinet whose origin is humble and whose rise has been phenomenal. It is because the defects of the "little Welsh attorney" have become his virtues. That Celtic fire, that abounding imagination, that spirit of exaggeration which gave us the dangerous simile of "refreshing fruit," and betrayed depths of ignorance regarding pheasants and mangold-wurzels, is the fire and the spirit we want in war time. The nation wants leaders, not laggards; it needs men who are determined to do—who at all costs and at whatever sacrifice will take big decisions and make great resolutions. We want doers, not talkers, and Mr. Lloyd George, the nation believes, is a doer. Whenever you hear of his work in the last twelve months it is not Parliamentary work, but war work. I, at any rate, do not shut my eyes to his demerits. I know Lloyd George. But when I think of what he has lived down by the sheer force of earnestness, the controlling power of personality, I realise why it is that the nation gives him its confidence while the most it offers to the Prime Minister is its respect.

CRITICISM AND CONDEMNATION.

Why is it that to-day we find a certain group of politicians and newspapers joining in a campaign of criticism

and condemnation of the "little Welsh attorney"? Men who in the bad old days of partisan conflict hailed him as a sort of political Messiah now denounce him as a pitchbeck Napoleon. The gifts of speech, the tricks of political method, the belief in self, the abiding virtue of imagination are now counted to him as dangerous defects. They have found him out; they are laying bare his character; they are stripping his self-seeking soul of all its veneer, they assert, and divesting him of his claims to speak for the People. And within the last few days the journalistic pillar of Radicalism, the newspaper which in pre-war days acclaimed him if not uncrowned king, at least the Prince of Demos, devotes its best brains and its best columns to the pitiful task of holding him up to scorn. Can I forget that this journal, the *Daily News*, was the one London newspaper which fought furiously against our entrance into this war, or blot out of my mind those words of burning shame written on the eve of battle? We were to keep out of this war, and what was the inducement? By standing aside we should maintain our trade uninjured and at the same time be in a position to "capture the bulk of the belligerents' trade in neutral markets."!

A MAN OF TRUE COURAGE.

It is from such a source that we find the uttermost condemnation of Mr. Lloyd George. What is his fault? Is it that he has forgotten everything but the supreme business of winning this war? That is his only crime. There are those who tell us that Mr. Lloyd George has shown in the past more cunning than statecraft; that he has pandered to the passions of the people for the sake of political gain; that he has an uncanny capacity for turning troubles to his own advantage and rebuilding a new reputation out of the dust and debris of shattered idols. All that I concede; but to-day I sincerely believe the Minister of Munitions is doing the nation's work with splendid sincerity and with unceasing vigour. He is no organiser; he has no genius for facts and details; if the munition business had been left to him alone I verily believe he would have made a hopeless muddle of it. But he had the sense and the courage to take advice and to call to his counsels men who knew. Mr. Lloyd George is none of the things so many of us hope for in vain and pray for with sickening hearts—he is not an organiser of men; he does not understand the business of war. Mr. Lloyd George is a vitaliser; he is a national tonic—and, what is more, he is a man of courage. No one will accuse him—he has fought often recklessly and always fearlessly—of lacking the great quality needed in war. To me, it is poor patriotism at this moment to taunt Mr. Lloyd George with holding the belief that he is the Man of Destiny, to throw in his teeth an expressed desire for "ten months of the power of Napoleon." Amid the small fry of statesmanship who are swimming in the pools of doubt and floundering in the waters of hesitation, any man who has imagination enough to understand the immensity of this conflict and the terrible responsibility which rests upon our rulers might well wish for the power to sweep aside the fools and the philanderers, those who cannot or will not understand that war is a cruel, a remorseless business, recking nothing of civil liberties as we know them in peace time, and caring less for individual rights when all rights are in the melting-pot. The truth about Mr. Lloyd George is that in him has entered the Demon of War; that for him everything is well lost if we but win this mighty struggle. He is not a great man; but he is a real man, and to-day we want real men.

GERMANY'S CHOICE.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF HISTORY THROWN INTO THE MELTING POT.

BY A. G. HALES.

The last few days which have passed over our heads must have made the most thoughtless think, for in every Christian land the hours between Thursday and Tuesday throbbed with memories that came to humanity on angel wings adown the ages. No mystic am I, though I love all mystic studies, and I would to God there was more mysticism and less realism to-day connected with the story which began at Bethlehem and ended on Calvary. The tragedy, the pathos and the pain of that human passion was commemorated in every land where the Cross is a divine symbol, during the latter end of last week and the beginning of the present. How did the world of to-day approach that anniversary of martyrdom? Alas! we know only too well that on the riven fields of France, just across the narrow streak of water which divides us from the Continent, it was celebrated in blood and pain, to the awful music of mighty guns, and the roar and ripple of myriad rifles. The Mass gave place to massacre, and midnight winds that sighed amid the mangled and the dead moaned unceasingly that Christ died in vain—that the lesson taught in grandeur and simplicity two thousand years ago was taught without avail. I do not think it was, though the veil which has fallen between our faith and the facts of the hour seems thicker than woven wool; but in the end the veil will be lifted and faith will soar upward again, as an eagle to its eyrie. But ere that happens the world will have to go back to that sweet, serene mysticism which is the antithesis of materialism, and follow "faith" along dimly-lighted paths where "reason" and "science" so oft refuse to tread. I have wandered afar in my days, and have listened to the talk of mystics during Easter in many lands.

OLD LANDS CLING TO OLD FAITHS.

I have sat in the sultry summer nights beneath the wide-spreading palms and listened, till the tobacco burned low in my pipe, to the Eastern version of our Easter-tide. And their story is more beautiful than ours, as ours is expounded to-day, because the Eastern men cling like children to the things which even our churchmen scoff at. To them, a spiritual reappearance is no tale out of wonderland; and if a teacher arose in their midst to tell of spirit forms *he had seen*, of spirit voices *he had heard*, they would not have him haled before an ignorant kadi to be imprisoned and fined as an impostor. They are the children of the ages; we are the product of yesterday—and the ages have told them things we are only now beginning to grope for blindly. I have listened to the stories of the mystics in the temples of Japan, close up under the shadow of the sacred mountain, Fujiyama; and have sat spellbound whilst the wise men of the ancient East have unbosomed themselves to me under the massive walls of old Peking; and I have sat at the feet of the teachers in the Temple of the Sun, midway between China and Russia; and in many other lands I have followed the mystic cult, wondering, always wondering, if I should ever be able to realise and grasp the great truths which are embalmed in swathes of falsehood. And this Eastertide, sitting watching the ebb and flow of the old grey ocean, it came to me that all my wonderings had been waste of effort—for the story of the trial, the crucifixion, and the resurrection would be all-sufficient if one looked with simple faith.

"NOT THIS MAN, BUT BARABBAS."

As I watched the daylight breaking through dun clouds far out at sea on the anniversary of the morn of the trial of the Christ, it seemed to me that the world—for all its boasted progress—was much the same as it was on the day

the Roman Pilate sat in judgment on the Man of Sorrows. I dropped my eyes from the skies, flushed with the radiance of the dawn, and let them rest upon the ocean, where our ships of war were riding in sullen grandeur, majestic in their might in spite of the grey hideousness of their architecture, awaiting the hour when they should leap with racehorse speed across the sobbing seas to rend and rip and strew the waves with dead; and as I gazed I seemed to see the trial of Jesus in that far-off day, a trial which was to lead to a crown of thorns, a rough-hewn Cross, and—the founding of a dynasty of faith, a faith so great that it should almost overlap the world. Then the dread drama of two thousand years ago reconstructed itself and framed itself in the modern setting of to-day. . . . The Hall of Judgment was the German Reichstag; the modern Pilate was the will and wish of the Germanic people moulded into the form of a man. . . . William the Homicide stood, with his red hands, before the Judgment Bar; his face was, like his soul, a thing of granite, no sorrow for his crimes, no penitence for his past was writ on face or soul—he looked like a being damned beyond judgment, yet full of that unholy pride in his own power which clung to Lucifer, even at the fall. And as I gazed, I saw, letter by letter, the word "Barabbas" stand out upon his frowning brow in letters of fire. The Great Hall, Pilate, and Barabbas, each was there—but where was the Christ, the modern Christ? . . . Slowly beside the master-murderer there rose a snow-white mist—shapeless at first, like a dainty cloud which floats above an Alpine height; then, as a cloud kissed by the sun flushes with opalescent radiance, the misty shapelessness beside the twentieth-century Barabbas took form and shape. . . . Nurse Cavell—radiant, ethereal, wrapped around with splendour—stood where the mists had strayed, and the great assassin and his virgin victim stood face to face. Barabbas did not blench—the hardihood of Hell was graven in his marrow—for *she was only one amongst multitudes*. The modern Pilate frowned upon the risen nurse and smiled upon Barabbas. And as she had come, so she went—like a whisper in a dream; and William's red hands, resting on his sword-hilt, never shook.

THE CHOICE.

The snow-white cloud stood there like massed-up piles of filmy lace fresh from the loom. Again some hidden force touched it with splendour, until it blazed like living fire. Then the mists were rolled away, and fronting Pilate stood the Christ, robed in a single garment of unspotted whiteness, which clung to his tall figure in caressing curves and lent imperial dignity to the Man of Sorrows. His sandalled feet scarce seemed to touch the floor, yet all assembled in that mighty hall knew that the Christ was real, and that once again, after the lapse of ages, they, the highest amongst a people, had to hear and applaud His doom. . . . Christ looked at the red hands resting upon the sword-hilt, and the lightning lit His eyes until they blazed as never beacon fires have blazed in border war. The great assassin did not lower his eyes; he knew that in his own land he had murdered this Redeemer, and let loose upon the world like a pestilence the scoffing brood who, when peace comes, will cry—"If Christ was real, why did he not save the innocent?" . . . Christ turned and faced his judge; and as He did so, there came upon the breeze the clang of iron upon iron from all over Germany—iron upon iron wherewith man should slay his brother man. The modern Pilate lifted up his voice, whilst his scornful finger marked the "Man of Sorrow": "Whom shall I release to you this Easter Day?" And the voice of all Germany made answer—"Not *this* man, but Barabbas!"

A SHOCKING STORY.**HARSH TREATMENT OF SOLDIERS' MOTHER.**

A particularly bad case of landlord tyranny is reported from Peterborough, the victim being a Mrs. Roberts, a respectable widow, with two sons fighting at the Front. Living at home with her, Mrs. Roberts has another son, earning only 18s. a week, and three children—a daughter, a niece, and a grandchild. For the support of this family she enjoys a total income of £1 6s. 4d. a week, about a quarter of which has regularly gone in rent. It seems that in September of last year Mrs. Roberts' cottage, formerly belonging to a Mr. Hunt, was sold to Mr. R. E. Handson, of 19, North Street, Peterborough, a Licensed Bailiff, and from the time he acquired control of the property Mr. Handson seems to have set himself to fox and harass the widow by every means in his power. As a preliminary to the sale of the house, the previous owner appears to have given Mrs. Roberts formal notice to quit, and Mr. Handson's first step was to confirm this notice, and at the same time to notify an increase of the rent from 6s. 6d. to 9s. a week. Wisely advised, the widow declined to recognise this advance, and the landlord's next move was to apply to the County Court for leave to levy a distraint.

GREEDINESS FOILED.

The increase of rent was, of course, illegal, and Mr. Handson's improper application was summarily dismissed. Meanwhile, Mrs. Roberts was bombarded with letters from the Bailiff and his solicitors ordering her to give up her cottage, no sort of regard being paid to her difficult circumstances, or to the patriotic services of her sons. We have reason to believe that, although she was under no obligation to do so, Mrs. Roberts did make serious efforts to obtain another cottage, but for reasons not unconnected with the war her search proved wholly fruitless. Determined to carry his point, however, and greedy for his increased rent, Mr. Handson was soon devising other mean expedients, his profession having rendered him familiar with every trick and turn of the law. In December last the widow was served with an ejectment summons, alleging that she had "neglected to deliver up possession" of her house, "as required by a notice to quit." In the ordinary way the Emergency Acts might have furnished the tenant with a complete answer to such proceedings—one attempt of the kind had already failed—but in his desperate efforts to dispossess the widow, Mr. Handson had finally devised an unassailable pretext. Although he had bought the property as recently as last September, he now stated that he wished to sell it, the prospective purchaser desiring immediate vacant possession. In these circumstances, Mrs. Roberts was ordered to leave, under pain of forcible ejectment. Harassed by monetary cares, and a prey to hourly anxiety as to the fate of her boys at the Front, she was compelled to spend weary days in a fruitless search for suitable accommodation. By this time there was a veritable house famine in Peterborough, and her efforts were of no avail. The fact of her being a widow with three young children seems actually to have turned some landlords against her. Finally, she decided in desperation to stay on where she was, hoping, perhaps, that at the eleventh hour her harsh landlord might relent. If so, she did not know Mr. Handson.

TYRANNY TRIUMPHS.

On the appointed day, the Bailiff, now in his element, allowed the law to take its rigorous course. The widow was ejected. Her furniture was turned into the street. The mother of soldiers fighting in France for persons of the Handson breed was turned homeless from her cottage door to be succoured, happily, by the charity of neighbours. At this point the purchaser of the cottage, who seems to have been an unwilling tool in Handson's hands, generously suggested that Mrs. Roberts should go back and occupy the house till she could find another place, but the widow declined the proposal, realising, no doubt, that there would be no escape from the landlord's implacable designs. Here, as far as we are concerned, the story ends, and we are glad to state that with a little timely assistance Mrs. Roberts has been extricated from the immediate difficulties of her situation. Hard as has been her lot, her soldier-sons have every reason to be proud of her plucky fight against odds. As for Mr. R. E. Handson, it is perhaps as well for that gentleman that our space is gone.

Timely warning saves untimely woe. See page 11 of cover.

THE CLOAK OF A CHARITY.**PENNY PACKETS OF PATRIOTIC PAPER.**

A quasi-charitable scheme is being engineered in Glasgow and district by a firm evidently once known as the Waterloo Stationery Co., of 93, Waterloo Street, but now posturing as the British Stationery Co., 27, Jamaica Street. These people, whoever and whatever they are, send girls from door to door to sell, at a penny each, "Men of To-Day" Stationery Packets, each containing three sheets of cheap notepaper and three very common envelopes. The stuff is described as "The Only Patriotic Stationery," perhaps because each sheet of paper bears an alleged portrait, the three patriots represented being King Albert, Sir John French, and Admiral Jellicoe. Not only does the firm's name differ, but so does the "object" for which the things are, ostensibly, sold. One cover announces:—"Donations Given to Cigarette and Tobacco Fund for Soldiers and Sailors"; but another cover states:—"10s. 6d. per week from the sale of these packets will be given to the Red Cross Fund." On one plea or the other, pennies are cadged at the door from good-hearted working women, who buy rubbishy paper they do not want because they are led to believe that they are helping Tommy and Jack. But the people who run the business are cunning enough not to promise much; a "donation" to some Cigarette Fund may be a matter of a shilling or two—it can be done for sixpence; while 10s. 6d. for the Red Cross Fund is but a tiny tax on a flourishing business.

ON DEATH'S DOORSTEP.**BURNLEY TRADESMEN TOUT FOR ORDERS.**

The Brun Printing Co., of 115, Colne Road, Burnley, describe themselves as "Specialists in Memorial Ribbons." They are also specialists in adding fresh grief to sorrowing hearts, and practitioners who push their peculiar line of business in a way it should not be pushed. They obtruded themselves on the notice of a soldier's widow, a woman with five little children, newly mourning the death in action of her loved one. Three days after the dread news came, there came also a communication from the Brun Company, soliciting an order for "Special Memorial Ribbons for Soldiers." A sample was enclosed, being a strip of white silk, rather like a book-marker, bearing a soldier's portrait, his name, particulars, and some crude, doggerel verses. Accompanying this funereal memento, like scarifying an open wound, was the offer to supply similar ribbons at the price of 7s. 6d. per dozen. It is brutal to worry a weeping woman like that—in the midst of her grief, still new and acute, to thrust such a reminder into her hands, in the hope of grabbing some of her little money. Such "trade" methods make death more dreadful.

HARD ON THE HAIRDRESSER.**AN OPEN FIELD FOR THE FAVOURED FOE.**

There was much reason and plenty of force in the complaint made before a local Tribunal by a young married man, a Luton hairdresser. He had no objection to going to his duty; he recognised the necessity for that. But he did protest that he should be obliged to close his shop down and leave the hairdressing business of the neighbourhood to a German, whose establishment is in full swing. Instead of sympathy, or useful advice, he received gratuitous sarcasm from the Mayor, who first stated that the German had a legal exemption from the Crown, and "was perfectly in his rights in carrying on business," and then said the applicant ought to smarten up his shop if he wanted to take away the enemy's trade. The Englishman was told to get out of his "poky little place," amalgamate with two or three others, and open "one decent place" in the main street. But the Mayor did not tell the man how to do this when he was awaiting his call, or how to procure the necessary capital. And he quite missed the point that the German should not be there in competition, growing rich, while Englishmen fight.

DISHONOURING THE DEAD.**PECCANT PARISHIONERS AND A PARISH PRIEST.**

The parishioners of Bredfield, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, have been a good deal scandalised by the refusal of their Rector, the Rev. L. G. Pollard, to accord the rites of Christian burial to two of their number who recently met with untimely deaths. The victims of this posthumous insult were Mrs. Ellen Dunnett, a widow of some years' standing, well-liked in the neighbourhood of Bredfield, and Mr. Robert Dunnett, the brother of the woman's late husband. The funeral service was of a most unusual kind, comprising a "Form of Prayer for the Burial of the Dead in cases in which the Order for the Burial of the Dead in the Book of Common Prayer may not be used." It contains a ritual dishonouring the dead, and outraging the feelings of the living. Moreover, the bodies were excluded from the Church; and the couple were buried away from their relatives in a segregated corner of the churchyard, the whole proceedings being characterised by a want of ceremony and a harshness of tone that were scarcely decent. When all was over, some of the mourners were moved to declare that they "had seen a dog buried as well, and had the dead man and woman been murderers it could not have been worse." It is painful to relate that the scene was witnessed by the aged mother of the dead man, who had travelled from the North of England to take a last leave of her son.

AN UNREVERSIBLE RULE.

It may at once be stated that the Dunnetts were neither murderers, nor suicides, nor in any real sense "notorious evil livers." At the death of her husband five years ago, Mrs. Dunnett was left in poor circumstances, and with several young children to provide for she found it hard to pay her way. Had she been as devoid of moral principle as the Rector of Bredfield would have us believe, she might easily have escaped pecuniary cares; but, as far as we know, and we have made exhaustive inquiries, there was no blemish upon her character when some three years ago Mr. Robert Dunnett, the younger brother of her late husband, came to lodge with her. In the first place, the relationship was of an innocent kind. The young man needed a home; the widow was glad of help with the household expenses. A year or so later, however, an intimacy had sprung up between them. Marriage might have furnished a solution of the difficulty; but the marriage of a woman to her deceased husband's brother, unlike that of a man to his deceased wife's sister, is still opposed to the law of the land—and to the canons of the Church. The parties remained together, however, and a few months later a child was born.

THE RIGHTEOUS RECTOR.

This was the "sin" in respect of which the Rector of Bredfield appears in effect to have passed sentence of excommunication. This was the crime for which Mr. Pollard was at pains to devise posthumous punishment. He would claim, no doubt, to have acted from motives of the deepest piety. Pharisaism, even in its most heartless manifestations, is seldom without specious excuse. In point of fact, the Rector seems all along to have magnified his office, arrogating to himself a measure of authority eminently calculated to defeat its high moral aims. A kindly remonstrance, coupled with an offer of assistance in the approaching crisis, would have accorded more closely with the requirements of Christian charity than the summary dismissal of the woman from her post as cleaner at the Church unaccompanied, as far as we know, with any proffer of aid. On his own showing, Mr. Pollard seems to have perpetually harassed the unhappy couple with harsh and untimely reproof, and even when the man was dying of consumption and the woman of cancer this inhuman attitude seems scarcely to have been modified at all. The poor creatures died and were buried in the cold shadow of priestly disfavour. If the Rector's exacting motives are misunderstood he has only himself to thank. Even now he is unrepentant, and seems, indeed, to be proud of his heartless achievement, proud of the bald and bewraying burial service, proud and happy in the memory of the poor old mother's bitter tears. Perhaps the best commentary upon the whole episode is contained in a text which was attached to two simple wreaths sent to the funeral: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

The pen for every pocket—The "John Bull" Pen.

A PAMPERED PRUSSIAN.**GERMHUN PENSIONED AND ON GOVERNMENT WORK!**

Most people in this country will agree with the vigorous protest of Aberystwyth Town Council against the grant of £150 pension to Dr. Etke, late Germhun Professor at the local University. It is not only astounding but exasperating that a British University should use its funds for such a purpose at a time when every contumely, every outrage, and every barbarity are being pressed into service by the Germhuns against British people in their own land. We should have thought that the Treasury, which is not without direct interest as a contributor to the University funds, would have had something to say against this astonishing scandal. To foreign eyes there must seem something nearly crazy in our generous, almost obsequious, scrupulosity towards the alien enemies in our midst. We suppose Professor Edward Edwards regards it as chivalrous to justify in public this pension to a Germhun on the ground that "Dr. Etke is one of the most learned men in the world"; but we do not forget those other most learned professors who, from their chairs in the universities of Germhun, have found no lie vile enough, no epithet shameless enough, and no motive foul enough wherewith to denounce this country in a war in which Germhun military despotism and soulless Kultur have run riot in rivers of smoking blood. Dr. Etke, we learn, is still in this country, "doing work for the British Government." We will make no aspersions against a learned old man, Germhun though he be; but we do say that with all the lessons of Germhun espionage, atrocity, and infamy without shame, without scruple, and without palliation before us in this war, the position of Dr. Etke ought to be neither that of a pensioner of the University of Aberystwyth nor a servant of the British Government. His place is in an internment camp, or, if age entitles him to pity, in the bosom of his Fatherland. The people of this country have a right to suspect every Germhun, for Germhun has taught them too well the penalties of hospitality and confidence. They have a right to resent generosity in such cases, for Germhun has taught them it has no soul to understand it. So much as Dr. Etke has paid into the University pension fund, that he should have; there justice begins and ends. For all else he needs in reward or employment let him return whence he came, with the Kaiser for his patron and the professors of Germhun for his friends.

THE BOY AS THE BRUTE.**SPARING THE ROD AND SPOILING THE LAD.**

There are times when the British boy is a fearful creature, and unless Leonard Coles (15) and Charles Wittles (16), both of Great Oakley, near Harwich, considerably improve between now and manhood they will probably make a name for themselves. Let us take the brutal, heartless story as Coles confessed it to a policeman when questioned: "Wittles untied the dog, took it down to the cowshed, and asked me to help him to throw it up to the cows. We threw it up; the cows kicked it; it went into the bin; we throw it up again, and the cow picked it up with its horns and tossed it over its back on to the concrete wall between the cows." Is it not almost incredible that there could be found in England two boys so utterly bereft of the instincts of kindness and pity as to utilise a little Airedale terrier, "as quiet as a kitten," as a ball for cows to kick, and toss, and play with? It revolts one to contemplate such little fiends, who doubtless deserve a physical whacking for their inhumanity which would keep that lifeless, lacerated dog in their memory for many years to come. Unfortunately the law does not allow what they deserve, so Coles was sent to a house of detention for 14 days; and Wittles, after a fortnight's adjournment of his case has, at the suggestion of the Home Secretary, actually been placed on probation. No wonder the Chairman, in binding him over, stated that he could not agree with Mr. Herbert Samuel! The lad had previously been turned away from situations for ill-treating cattle, so that he is evidently old in juvenile brutality.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. the Speaker, House of Commons.

MR. SPEAKER, SIR,—How familiar that phrase sounds upon my ears! I almost imagine myself personally addressing it to you in the House once more! Well, Sir, to-day I want to "catch your eye" for a moment, to express the hope that you will survive the ordeal of presiding over a free assembly—free to say just what it feels, without reference to those recording angels up in the Press Gallery. *But what about those long-eared Whips?* Still, what a joke the whole thing will be—M.P.s actually speaking their minds! You won't know where you are. Do let me suggest, however, that the Official Reporters may be present—even though the publication of the Daily Parts be suspended till after the war. Just think what they would fetch later on—"Members of Parliament speak the Truth." Why, it would repay the whole cost of the war. Trusting, Sir, that you will survive the trial—and hoping to see you again soon,

JOHN BULL.

To Kennedy Jones, Esq.

MY DEAR "K. J.,"—My warmest congratulations on your splendid fight against the Party machines. "P. B." had three weeks in which to win East Herts; they gave you only seven days to win Wimbledon. But you put up a fine effort. Your love of country and your scorn for the politician were not lost on the constituency, and your wonderful poll is another warning to the Mandarins who still usurp place and power. We want good sportsmen like yourself in the House of Commons, and I hope you will pass the post first next time you have a run.

JOHN BULL.

To the President, Welsh Miners' Federation.

SIR,—I understand that your members were lately requested by the Admiralty to take only one day's holiday at Easter. There were excellent reasons for this appeal, into which I cannot enter fully in a letter which may catch the public eye. You know quite well what I mean however, and I am more than surprised that, with the information at their disposal, your members should have decided to flout the Admiralty's request and to take two days' holiday as usual. Say what you will, it wasn't playing the game. On the whole, Labour has come well through the ordeal of this war, and it will be little short of a tragedy if by such conduct as that of your Union public sympathy is estranged.

JOHN BULL.

To Professor J. H. Jeans, Royal Astronomical Society.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I am indeed rejoiced to know that, amid the preoccupations of war, you have found time for learned speculation as to "the origin of the moon." I can imagine no more fascinating field of inquiry, and your statement that "the rotation of a fluid mass would reduce its spheroidal form to an ellipsoidal one" has the positive glamour of romance. It is no small tribute to our national character that, at a time like the present, your erudite conclusions should have obtained extended notice; and I beg you to keep me fully apprised of any further discoveries which may come your way. One never knows how useful they may be.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Edward Noel Mellish, V.C., France.

GALLANT CLERIC,—Permit me to add, from the depth of my heart, my congratulations on your winning the V.C. You won it nobly, too—risking your life, again and again, in not only administering spiritual comfort to the dying, but bringing in the wounded under heavy fire. Three men were actually killed whilst you were tending them. "A lucky escape," the vulgar may say—but you and I know differently. Still, let that pass. May your noble example be emulated by other ministers of religion. Sir, I raise my hat to you. V.C.—Valiant Curate.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. Mackay, Free Church Manse, Kingussie, Scotland.

REV. SIR,—Except on the ground that yours is a characteristic type of mind, at present doing incalculable harm under the cloak of incalculable good, I should not have noticed the attack you make in the *Ross-shire Journal* on an effort to organise a simultaneous Sunday performance in all the leading theatres of the kingdom "to provide such a sum of money as will guarantee the well-being of those soldiers who have been blinded in the course of the war." You say it is with feelings of shame, sorrow and anxiety that you have read of the "proposed desecration of the Lord's Day" in connection with this scheme. I will not waste many words upon your feelings, still fewer upon your attitude; the one is as familiar to me and the public as the other, through many pharisaic bigots to whom all Sunday movements except text-twisting in the pulpit and hymn-singing in the pew are of the Devil and his pit. I do not imagine the scheme will greatly suffer from the cry of holy horror in the wee Manse of Kingussie, but I cannot help reminding you that there was once a Nazarene who also shocked the Pharisees by "doing well on the Sabbath Day." Good the deed, my friend, better the day; and so farewell.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr Liebnacht, The Reichstag, Berlin.

HERR DOCTOR,—I have often been in the mind to venture to you a word in praise of your high, audacious courage in the Reichstag in face of so much bitter opposition and so many attempts to gag you. These are not days when a man of your mettle and spirit can be expected to be regarded by your fellow-countrymen with favour; but truth will out in the end, and you are one of the few Germhuns who, during this war, have held a torch for truth. You are the one true prophet among them; and the physical violence of which you have been the victim in the Reichstag once more vividly illustrates that which is written: "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and his own house." Perhaps the day of retribution is nearer than even you suspect—the day when your people will no longer be able to hide their faces from the light which shows them that what they have sown in blood, and ignominy, terrorism and degradation, they have reaped in catastrophe. I greet you, Liebnacht, as the clear-visioned prophet of their woe.

JOHN BULL.

To Count Reventlow, Germhun Fire-eater, Berlin.

DEAR COUNT VON,—Von is all you do count, I think; but if I were to judge by the row you kick up by your continual scream, I should say you counted at least twenty-von—but I'll let that pass. What I note for the moment is that you and a few more of the black eagles of Berlin, Cologne and Hamburg are scratching your polls and gritting your beaks and screeching "like mad" in your pose, before the other inhabitants of the Germhun aviary, of inability to understand what Mr. Asquith meant by his speech to the French deputies the other day. Now I will tell you, old bird, in few words and plain; he means that the black eagles must knock right under if they want peace, and that there will be no peace until they do so. In other words, as soon as they think they have had about enough, just mention it and Britannia will tell them what they have to do next; what they have to pay, and what they have to say about being sorry.

JOHN BULL.

To Henry Fedden, Esq., J.P., Bristol.

DEAR MR. FEDDEN,—As a Magistrate you certainly do not show up well, in face of the evidence proved against you in the local police-court as to your infringement of the Lighting Regulations in respect of your motor-car. Especially unfortunate was your attitude to the policeman who stopped the car. You not only bullied the officer, but aided and abetted your man to defy him. Where justice is administered you cannot in such circumstances expect to be treated differently from any other person, and I hope the fine of £5 inflicted on you will serve to impress you with that fact. Surely a Magistrate should as carefully guard his prestige as his obligations?

JOHN BULL.

"Picture Puzzle Postcards." A new competition in "Everywoman's."

THE SECRET "SITTING."



THE COCK: "That isn't mine!"
THE HEN: "No, nor mine: but we're going to 'adopt' it."

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES

INDIGESTION—FLATULENCE
—BILIOUSNESS—HEADACHES
—CONSTIPATION

you need Mother Seigel's Syrup, the remedy which has proved its value in thousands upon thousands of cases the world over. If for any reason your stomach has lost tone, or your liver is sluggish, don't wait until the trouble increases. Take the digestive tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup, and note how speedily your digestive organs are restored to working order. No other remedy before the public possesses its splendid powers of toning up and strengthening the stomach, and of gently stimulating the action of the liver and bowels. No other remedy so quickly or so surely banishes pains after eating, flatulence, acidity, and the other evil effects of stomach and liver disorder. Put it to the test.

TAKE THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Writing from 258, Victoria Road, Aston, Birmingham, on December 14th, 1915, Mrs. Louisa Baldwin said:—"Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, I am now enjoying, at the age of 60 years, health which I thought had left me for good. Nineteen years ago I was a wreck. I suffered from acute indigestion, accompanied by acidity of the stomach, headaches, giddiness, and sleeplessness. The food I ate failed to nourish me, and as a consequence I suffered from acute nervous debility.

"A neighbour brought me a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and after the third dose I felt hungry, a state of things which had not existed for many months, for I had loathed the sight of food. I continued to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and took in all ten bottles, at that time. My doctor met me later, and told me I had changed into a bonnie little woman; and when I told him it was due to Mother Seigel's Syrup, he said that it must be an excellent remedy, if it had restored me from what I was."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 bottle contains three times the 1/3 size.

POISONED "ARROWS."

HOW A DIRTY DOCUMENT IS DISTRIBUTED.

A few days ago a parson turned up at the Y.M.C.A. canteen at the Derby National Shell Factory and distributed "Silver Arrows" among the ladies; that is to say, a card bearing that heading, followed by various aphorisms, such as the following:—"1. Prove your looks by your good manners. . . . 6. Vanity often means no wrong, but for all that leads to it. 7. To allow liberties is to arouse passions. 8. A girl may know when to stop, but a man may not. . . . 10. A good resolve—lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." The imprint of this publication is the C.E.T.S. Nobody except an evil-minded pumpuritan pietist would put upon women—especially women playing a patriotic part—so offensive an infliction. There is not a parson we wot of who would have the temerity to distribute that card in church among the women of his congregation; if he did, he would probably be kicked by the men, and would assuredly deserve it. Why, then, should it always be the wives of soldiers, or women in munitions works, who are pestered and insulted?

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"Lady wishes to share house with gentleman; CHILD NOT OBJECTED TO."

"THE SECRET OF THE MOON" (Newnes' "Sevenpenny Novels"):—

"I could see him over the gate. He was riding. I fancy I saw A MAN'S HAT WALKING BY HIS SIDE."

"DAILY MAIL" (serial story):—

"It was a SHORT LETTER written in pencil. . . . There were SEVERAL SHEETS." (Here follow 37 lines of type, in quotation.)

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—

"Births. On the 1st inst., at —, to Mr. and Mrs. —, a son. PLEASE COPY."

"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—

"He was in the water for an hour, and he says 'it was LIKE HELL, dark, cold, and rough.'"

"WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE" (advertisement):

"General wanted. Three in family. Gas fires only. MEALS ON KITCHEN FLOOR."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—

"In 1926 the boy babies born this year, who live till then, WILL BE OF MILITARY AGE."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



We greet our brave Colonial troops,
Who've faced the fearful fray,
And thousands, in admiring groups,
Hail proudly Anzac Day.



Whilst Wilson warns the horrid Hun,
As he has warned before,
That ocean murder's overdone,
Will he or Kaiser score?



The Russians rushed on Trebizond,
The Turks then caught it hot,
And, though of dancing none too fond,
They did the Turkey Trot.



To save us when there is a raid
And shrapnel splinters fall,
A rare suggestion now is made—
Steel headgear for us all.

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

BY THE WATCHFUL WINDOW CLEANER.

MR. ASQUITH.

I was in the office waitin' fur orders w'en the bloomin' telephone-bell went orf. The boss grabbed the receiver, lis'en'd a bit, spoke a bit extr'y respectf'ul into it, an' rung orf. "Ere," 'e ses, turnin' rarr'd to me, "you're to 'op rarr'd to number 10, Downin' Street, at once an' clean the winders. You're to go steady an' none o' yer larks. It's the Prime Minister's 'ouse, see?" Well, I got me barrer an' 'opped rarr'd. You know, mate, I orlways shoves me napper slow over winder-sills, it bein' part a ole 'abit, an' part considerashun fur ennybody wot might be inside an'—well, yer never know yer luck. Strike me pink if the very first room I squints into wosn't the Prime Minister's bedroom! 'E wos jest 'eavin' 'isself outer bed w'en I looked in, so I kep' me 'ead down. I thort I'd better wait an' sec, mate—haw, haw! It don't do to scare the 'ead of a Guv'ment wot's runnin' the biggest wore in 'istry. So I watched 'im through the winder wot wos open a inch at the bottom. 'E 'ops outer bed in 'is perjarmers an' goes an' stands alongside a barf 'arf full o' water. 'E chucks a sponge in it, touches the water with 'is toe like a cat dabbin' at somethink it ain't quite shore of, snatches it back an' shivers. "Brrr!" 'e ses to 'isself, "p'r'aps one o' these days I shall wake with enough resolution to take the plunge. But not this morning, thank you. Brrr!" Then 'e tip-toes to the dore, lis'ens at the key'ole, comes back to the barf, stoops down an' makes a 'ell of a splashin' with the sponge, liftin' it up an' squeezin' it out, puffin' an' blowin' orf the time jest like a man takin' a dip on a cold mornin'. But 'e took darned good care not to wet more'n 'is 'ands. Then 'e gits a big towel, sprinkles water over it, wrings it out, an' 'angs it up to dry. Jest then there come a knock at the dore. "One moment!" 'e shouts, pulls orf 'is perjarmers, slips into 'is pants an' vest, shoves on a dressin' gownd, an' ses "Now you may come in." I s'pose it wos 'is good lady wot come in. "Enjoyed your tub, Herbert?" she ses. "I heard you having a good old splash." "Glorious, my dear!" 'e ses. "Nothing like a cold bath for bracing one up," 'e ses. Then she looks at 'im admirin' like. "How I admire your really splendid resolution, Herbert," she ses. "It must require a will to sponge down on a cold morning like this. It is this splendid resolution of yours which will enable you to circumvent and overcome all your enemies. They little know you when they talk of your irresolution. Your daily cold bath is a signal proof of it." "Excuse me, mum," I ses, through the winder, "'e ain't 'ad no barf at all. 'E's on'y wangled yer!" An' before I could say another word 'e 'ad rushed to the winder an' banged it down. "That's 'Erbert 'Enery Asquith orf over," I ses to meself.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

PASTY-FACED YOUTH: Good gracious, you're not Alfred Harper, are you?

SOLDIER: Course I am! Didn't you know me?

P.-F. YOUTH: Not in that get-up.

SOLDIER: Steady! Don't call his Majesty's uniform a "get-up," please.

P.-F. YOUTH: But I thought you were one of us, a Conscientious Objector, and had gone into the N.C. Corps.

SOLDIER: So I was.

P.-F. YOUTH: Then how is it you are in a fighting unit? Were you forced into it?

SOLDIER: Not a bit of it. I was transferred at my own request.

P.-F. YOUTH: Then you've abandoned your principles—betrayed the Cause!

SOLDIER: Rot! I've come to my senses—that's all. Dozens of us have done it. We couldn't stand the company. It was the limit. I used to think we Conscientious Objectors were very fine fellows indeed—until I had to mix day and night with a mob of them. Then I discovered what a menagerie of mean-souled curs they were. So I applied for a transfer into a regiment of men.

P.-F. YOUTH: But your conscience!

SOLDIER: What I used to call my conscience must have been liver, or cold feet, or something. As soon as I got into khaki, although only in the N.C. Corps, and had a bit of physical drill, my proper conscience woke up, and I discovered that a chap is a cur and a coward who won't fight for his own country. You'll think the same one of these days. But don't leave it till it's too late.

P.-F. YOUTH (flushing): I've got twelve months' postponement.

SOLDIER: What! On conscientious grounds?

P.-F. YOUTH: N-no—"sole support."

SOLDIER: H'm. So, sooner than plead a conscientious objection you made use of your mother's dependence to enable you to evade your duty!

P.-F. YOUTH: But, you see, my conscience would not allow me to serve.

SOLDIER: Did you explain that to the Tribunal?

P.-F. YOUTH: No; they were not treating Objectors sympathetically.

SOLDIER: I see. So you thought you'd hide behind your mother. "Some" conscience, yours! S'pose you know you won't be able to plead a conscientious objection when your twelve months are up?

P.-F. YOUTH (slyly): Ah, the war will be over by then.

SOLDIER: So that's what you're reckoning on, is it? And we chaps have got to fight for such humbugs!

P.-F. YOUTH (holly): Humbug yourself! You were a Conscientious Objector, weren't you?

SOLDIER: Yes; but I had the honesty to tell the Tribunal. I was a damned fool to hold the views I did, but I wasn't ashamed to own up to them. When your genuine conscience wakes up you'll be sick to find what an ass you've been.

The Best 2^D.

Double Number of any Paper

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Australian Prime Minister,
The Rt. Hon. W. M. HUGHES.

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"SEA POWER,"

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MARIE CORELLI.

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Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY,
"HITCH YOUR APRON
STRINGS TO A STAR."

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Powerful Fiction.
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Making Animal
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A HANDSOME FREE PORTRAIT

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Place your order now and avoid
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Everywoman's

"The woman's paper
that is different."



THE GENERAL

What the General thinks to-day the Battalions think to-morrow, and if he gives his full approval you may be sure it has had careful consideration.

When the General smokes Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes and advises the other Officers to do the same, you know you are on a good thing.

The purchase of these Cigarettes is not confined to the higher ranks, as the price of 9d. for 20 is within the reach of all, whilst the quality is more like 1s. 6d. for 20.

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Men's black Oilskin Coats, double-breasted, half-lined, leather bound and leather stayed holes, 40 in. to 44 in. breast.
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Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD. For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. Packed in handy metal case for the vest pocket. Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirling Laboratories (Department 23) Birmingham.
Free Sample sufficient to prove sent on receipt of postcard.



"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

In administering such a fund as ours it is necessary in many cases to ask for concrete proofs of the statements made by applicants who write to us, as naturally numerous professional cadgers have their eyes on the money and think that they have only to spin a yarn in order to get help. However, a grocer's or baker's letter is not sufficient, nor do we pay heed to such communications as that which we received the other day in support of a claim from the proprietress of an off-licence bar. We are trustees of money generously subscribed by a sympathetic public, and take every step to ensure that none but the thoroughly deserving benefits.

Among our recent callers was one who stated that he was destitute and starving, but in the course of a short examination admitted that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society had offered to give him £1 per week and teach him a trade—an offer which he had turned down owing to the fact that he had been earning more money before he enlisted! In the circumstances, there was "nothing doing" with our Fund.

A gentlewoman gave her three sons to the Army when the war began, each of whom is now numbered with the honoured dead. Losses due to the campaign brought ruin to the boys' father, who, under the double load of trouble, sank and died. Faced with financial distress for the first time in her life, the poor woman, who has no friends, was compelled to sell her home bit by bit. Naturally this process was bound to come to an end, and when that period arrived she sent us a statement of her case, and we responded as generously as was possible.

Her baby dead, and her allowance reduced on account of a small slip made by her soldier-husband, a woman came to us for help, and we gave it.

A man joined the Army, determined to have a go at the Huns. He became ill, and after five months in hospital was discharged. He returned to his wife and four children without money, and the gaunt wolf of hunger stared the little circle in the face. The poor fellow had heard of our fund and applied to us, with the usual result.

A music-hall artist gave up the stage to get out to Germany. He was sent to Salisbury Plain last winter and was located in a leaky wooden hut, through the broken windows of which the icy winds, snow, and sleet penetrated. As a result of the consequent illness he was thrown out penniless, and, of course, his wife's allowance was stopped. He had a family of five, and his distress may be imagined. We relieved it as well as we could.

A soldier was in hospital when he received news that one of his little boys had been operated upon, and a second was waiting an operation. In the circumstances, debts naturally cropped up and he appealed to us, with success.

A soldier who bore his full load at the front was invalided out through frostbite and neuritis, and is unable to work. With his wife and two children he has to live how best he can until he gets his pension, which will amount to 4s. 8d. a week. We removed the shadow of starvation.

Wounded and discharged, another man is waiting for his pension, and was hungering until he came to us.

A woman has seven little children, two of them being seriously ill. She has two soldier-sons in France, from whom she receives the total sum of seven shillings a week. Her financial distress was great until she called upon us.

Discharged from the Army time-expired, completely ruined in health through his experiences in France and Belgium, a man with five children and only ten shillings a week from the State Insurance, sought our aid and got it.

One of our soldiers put in the winter on outpost duty on the coast, and contracted a serious illness through exposure. He was in hospital when his wife wrote to him that their three children had German measles. Distress in the home was the natural consequence, and we relieved it.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Part Proceeds of Dance held in Richmond, Yorks" (per M.E.F.), £1 10s.; "Too Patriotic," 1s.; J. T. L., 5s.; J. S. G., 61.; A. A. C. (Bristol), 1s.; L. C., 61.; "Betty," 3s.; F. J. E., 61.; "Thankful," 2s. 61.; T. G. B., 2s.; J. D., 1s.; "A Grateful One," 10s.; "New Mills," 2s.; A. S. M., £1; "Members of Stoker Petty Officers' Mess, H.M.S. Martial (per G. E. M.), 10s.; "F. W. & Friend," 2s.; J. S., 10s.; H. E., 2s. 61.; A. K., 1s.; S. H., 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Miss F. B., £1; M. M., 1s.; F. E. W., 1s.; C. A. G., 2s. 61.; A. A. C., 1s.; J. R. H., 1s. 7d.; J. H., 1s.; J. E. L., £2 2s.; "R.N.V.R.S.W.S. (Chelmsford Section)," 10s. 61.; A. C. G., 61.; E. P., 5 francs; E. A. P., 1s.; A. G., 1s.; L. W., 61.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; H. L. P., 2s. 61.; E. C., 1s.; "Clamart," £2; "Anne & Jean," 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 61.; M. H. R., 1s.; A. B. (Tredegar), £3; W. G. C. (Leith), 2s. 61.; F. B. O., 2s. 61.; "Flower Pot," 1s.; J. G. B., 1s.; J. C., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. N., 10s.; "Rufus," 2s. 61.; S. J. M., 2s. 61.; G. E. T., 2s. 61.; Mrs. J. G., 5s.; B. E. H., 2s. 61.; N. R., 2s. 61.; "Officers and Engineers of s.s. Rhodanian Transport" (per G. H. S.), £2 15s.; "Coy. Q.M. Sgt.," 2s. 61.; F. L. McM., 2s.; "Contracts of 'Swear' Box, M.F.A. Thistle" (per J. C. K.), 10s.; "The Sufferer," 1s.; Miss W., 1s.; "A Few Subscribers, H.M.S. Seahorse," 10s. 61.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. F. T. Dove, "Printers' Arms," Lower Kennington Lane, 3s. 5d.; Mr. W. F. Lygo, "Cock and Bottle," 13, China Walk, Lambeth, S.E., 2s. 6d.; Miss Peggie Crogan, o.o. Messrs. Austin and Co., 39, Rampayne Street, Pimlico, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Heys, "Donbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 3s. 1d.; Mr. C. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 3s. 8d.; Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 7s. 3d.; Mr. J. Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, 4s.; Mr. C. Blewitt, "Bricklayers' Arms," Charlotte Street, 3s. 6d.; Mr. W. J. Gowing, "White Lion," Central Street, St. Luke's, 6s. 2d.; Mr. R. Imperato, "The Red Lion," 228, Devonshire Street, Mile End, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Scythe," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 13s. 5d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, 14s.; Mr. H. Morgan, "Crown and Shettle," 226, High Street, Shoreditch, 3s.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brick wick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.

"Good Company"



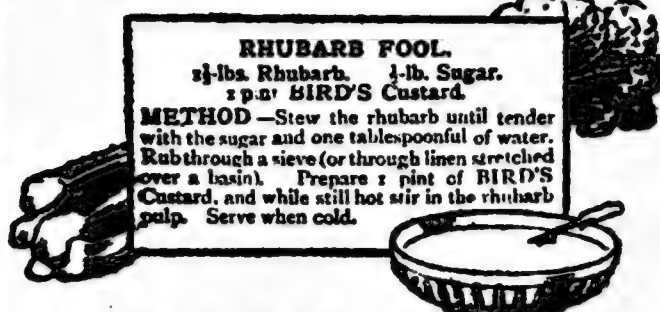
*When you're out for a spin,
And seated snugly in
Your favourite little motor running free;
When you grip the wheel to steer,
Keep your "Chairman Juniors" near,
As a mascot, just to cheer
With their Sporting Company.*

The "favourite little motor running free" that most smokers have to put up with just now is the penny 'bus. But that does not impair the pleasure there is in Chairman Juniors. Whether in 'bus, tram, train, private car, or on Shanks' mare, Chairman Juniors are always good—always worth smoking. They are of excellent quality, well made and packed, and are the original Chairman Cigarettes in everything but size, and they are just the necessary degree smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, 'Ltd., Manchester.

The most delicious Rhubarb Fool is made this way—



RHUBARB FOOL.
 1-lb. Rhubarb. 1-lb. Sugar.
 2 p. BIRD'S Custard.

METHOD—Stew the rhubarb until tender with the sugar and one tablespoonful of water. Rub through a sieve (or through linen stretched over a basin). Prepare 1 pint of BIRD'S Custard, and while still hot stir in the rhubarb pulp. Serve when cold.

Rhubarb Fool is a delightful change from Stewed Rhubarb or Rhubarb Pie and BIRD'S Custard, and with this recipe you can make it to perfection.

Bird's

the Nutritious Custard

is just sweet enough to take the edge off the Rhubarb—just creamy enough to linger round the palate—just "delicious enough for anything"

Sold by all Grocers in packets, boxes and large tins.



The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."



WRIGLEY'S THE FLAVOUR
SPEARMINT LASTS
PERFECT GUM

MARCHING POWER

Soldiers in training, as well as those on active service, require all the "marching power" they are capable of, and nothing helps a soldier to stand the strain of a long fatiguing march so well as

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT Chewing Gum

The delicious mint-flavoured confection keeps the soldier fit and well—sustains him—keeps him "on the go"—and prevents thirst. It is the only indulgence that is suited to heavy marching. Do your soldier boy a good turn, and send him some Wrigley's in all your parcels and letters. He is sure to appreciate it.

5 bars 2½d. 40 bars 1/6.

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners, and all branches of Boots Cash Chemists. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to—

WRIGLEY'S LAMBETH PALACE
L., ROAD, S.E.

THERE IS NO OTHER LOW-PRICED TYRE TO COMPARE WITH THE PERICLES

We call it Pericles after Shakespeare's "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," because it is emphatically the prince of tyres at, or near, its cost.

Never forget that when you fit a Pericles you are fitting a tyre made by the Dunlop Rubber Company—you know what that means on the road.

In all standard sizes.

Covers—Wired-on - 5/3
 Beaded edge - 5/6
 Inner tubes 2/9



PERICLES
PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A DAMNING DISCHARGE.

Here is another sample of an unfair Discharge given to a man who had "done his bit":—"He is honest, sober, and industrious, and I can recommend him for civilian employment, but consider he should continue to serve during the present crisis.—M. H. Schwersee, Major, 101st Prov. Batt." Why put this last damning clause on the parchment on which this time-expired soldier depends while seeking civilian employment? We commend the matter to Mr. Tennant's attention.

QUITE CONFIDENTIAL.

By command of the Army Council, a circular has been issued, authorising the payment of railway fares for lads under age who are successfully claimed out of the Service by relatives. But why does the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief wind up with the words: "I am to add that it is not desired that this decision shall be made public"?

WRITING TO "JOHN BULL."

The last paragraph reminds us that it has become quite common for companies and battalions to be paraded in order that their Commanders may forbid them in terrible terms to "write to JOHN BULL about it." The old woman who tried to sweep the sea back with a broom is not in it with those guides, philosophers and friends of Tommy Atkins. They should see how our post-bag continues to swell.

A COMPLAINT FROM HACKNEY MEN.

Eighty men of the 10th London Regiment complain that, in spite of all the promises made to them on enlistment, they have been taken from their original battalion and moved around like the men on a draught board. Faith has been broken with them, and they appeal to be sent back to their own battalion—having signed Army Form E 624, which provides that they shall serve with their own unit only. The grievance is a legitimate one, and should be promptly remedied.

LADS OF SOAP AND GLORY.

Down at Broadstairs a band of heroes are billeted in a huge house. They are having the time of their lives, and derive much fun, no doubt, from having to scrub the kitchen, scullery, and half-a-dozen flights of stairs. They also scrub the dining-room and clean the walls, wash-up pots, and cut and butter their bread. They take it in turn to get up in the morning, light the fire, and prepare the old lady's early morning cup of tea. We would be inclined to congratulate the happy family, and wonder why they grouse at performing the unpaid duties mentioned—although they are distinctly against Regulations.

SONS OF THE OCEAN.

The survivors of H.M.S. *Ocean* ask us when they are likely to get leave. We do not know, but hope it will be soon, having regard to the fact that the majority of the ships have been home in turn to permit of furlough, some of them several times.

THE UNHAPPY SPRINGBOKS.

We have several times commented on the unfair treatment of the S. A. Expeditionary men in the matter of pay and other things. During the recent heavy snow a squad of the men was sent from Shifford to repair lines which were down—G.P.O. work, by the way. After being out for days, many miles from camp, they asked permission to return for the necessary kit which they had not been allowed to take with them. They were granted the leave, but had to pay their own fares!

TOMMY'S LOAD.

A man back from the Front with pneumonia, and now in a southern camp, has a story to tell. He was turned out three nights running on account of Zeppelins, and on the last occasion he got back to bed at 4.30 a.m. He sleeps in a barn of a room in which there is no clock—which accounted for him being a bit late in rising. For this offence, however, he is doomed to carry full kit, an 80 lb. sack of oats, six bricks, and his waterproof for seven days. What a load of trouble!

PRUSSIANISED PUNISHMENT.

Many correspondents—among them numerous ladies—ask us to secure the abolition of that Prussian-like No. 1 Field Punishment. This particular "discipline" includes crucifixion to a gun or waggon wheel for two hours daily. The job is beyond our powers; in fact, we might as well be asked to pull down the Nelson Column with a reel of cotton. The punishment appears to be a favourite with some of the officers in France, where, the other day, a man upon whom the torture was inflicted for losing his respirator, died upon being released from the wheel.

A QUICK RESPONSE.

We are glad to note that the New Zealand authorities have with wonderful celerity acted upon our recent hint, a cable being dispatched to France asking Brig.-General Richardson to come to England and investigate our allegations in regard to the N. Z. E. F. We are pleased to learn, too, that the Colonial authorities are doing their best to organise some kind of medical service for the Force, and have been lucky enough to pick up some young doctors. We are now for rectification of the grievance of an eminent surgeon, who was in the Service, but who has been left kicking his heels about London for fifteen months owing to some jobbery in New Zealand.

CONCERNING THE CROOKS.

Two days after our recent exposure of the numerous men in officers' uniforms who are bilking and passing bad cheques on the strength of their clothing, the War Office issued a very strong Order, impressing upon tailors and others the pains and penalties which are incurred by anybody who supplies an unauthorised person with an officer's uniform. This is encouraging.

OUR POSTAL CROWN PRINCES.

The German Crown Prince is not the only thief of whom we have heard. Our postal service appears to swarm with similar characters, as we have already remarked. A few days ago, an exchanged prisoner of war had posted to him by his mother a valuable silver watch, but when the parcel arrived the goods had been changed, a worn-out five shilling metal watch having been substituted. We do wish the postal authorities would find the looters and make examples of them.

AN ABSURD IDEA.

We receive many letters every day asking whether it is true that an Order has been published granting—every three months—leave to each man serving at the Front. This is only one of the numerous wild rumours which are afloat. The exigencies of the service naturally prevent any such general relief, unfortunately, for our fighting men.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news concerning the following:—

Pte. W. O. King, 2888, No. 2 Co., 3rd R.F.; Pte. A. Norton, 9324, D Co., 6th Buffs; Pte. J. Metcalfe, 14652, C Co., 12th West Yorks; Rfn. A. M. W. Volk, 2768, 1-9 London Regt.; Pte. F. Ward, 1770, D Co., 5th Lincoln; Q.M.B. Roberts, A.S.O.

Britain builds the
best ships in the
World.

Britain makes the
best textiles in the
World.

Britain brews the
best Lager in the
World—

ALLSOPP'S

To-day

Edited by

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Those who select their reading with discrimination—who avoid the trivial and the commonplace—will welcome with keen enthusiasm this distinctive and attractive magazine-journal. Its articles, stories, cartoons and illustrations pulsate with the vitality of to-day. For new and fresh outlooks on affairs, people and happenings, read "To-day."

BUY

To-day

ON MONDAY, 2^d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If all readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

G. R. D. (Chichester) wants us to publish bi-weekly. No doubt all our readers who now buy weekly would become bi-weekly buyers. We will see by-and-by. At present it difficult enough to get paper for one issue a week.

"AN ENGLISHMAN" (Poplar, E.)—You have no right to that honourable name since you haven't the pluck to fight for your country in its hour of need.

"TRUE BRITISHER" (Belfast)—The Business Government for which we wait and work will have not only political ideals, but also the practical business ability and acumen to give effect to them.

A. F. (Jarrow)—We commend your action in "landing one on the jaw" of the cowardly skunk, so much younger than yourself, who said he did not care if the Germans did come to Jarrow. You deserve to have your Old Age Pension doubled.

ALICE H. (South Harrow)—The unutterable selfishness of the position taken up by the "Conscientious Objector" proves how far his principles are divorced from Christianity. If he were the type acceptable to God, as you would persuade us—well, we should have to revise our conception of the Almighty.

SERGEANT W. L. (Grantham)—Although two very small villages in England are called Dunkirk, there is no place of that name in Scotland. As the day after Zeppeli were announced to have been over Scotland the evening papers came out with the placard "Bombs on Dunkirk," the erroneous idea that it referred to the raid over our Northern kingdom was very prevalent. In point of fact, Dunkirk is the most northerly port in France, close to the Belgian frontier, and midway between Calais and Ostend.

E. P. (Hull)—There is no doubt that if the murderous effects of recent Zepp. raids were fully known to the people, so loud a cry for reprisals would arise that the Government would find it irresistible.

"CONSTANT READER" (West Ealing)—Robert Burns, in an inspired moment, called the Germans "cut-throat Prussian blades." It would interest us even more to learn John Burns' opinion of them.

"BOMBARDIER" (South Norwood) AND SEVERAL OTHERS say the difference between Lloyd George and Lord Derby is, that the former gives 30s. to bring you into the world, and the latter 2s. 9d. to get you out of it. And we fancy Lord Derby has been doing the bigger trade of the two since the war broke out.

"STUDIOUS SEVENTEEN" (Holloway, N.)—By means of ingenious distortions and far-fetched suppositions it is possible to find in Shakespeare's works a little of so-called evidence which seems to support the Baconian theory. But they contain enormously greater evidence of Shakespeare's authorship.

"O'BRIEN."—The Archbishop of York was reported as saying that his recollections of the Kaiser were "sacred"—not "pleasant," as you would have us believe. "Sacred" recollections of the All Highest Beast!

SAPPER F. B. (B.E.F., France)—Prior to the Coalition the Prime Minister received no salary as Prime Minister, but combined that office with another to which a salary was attached.

PRE. G. S. T. (Leicester)—It is a pity that such a fine town as Leicester should be represented by such a—well, by Ramsay Macdonald. It won't be for ever!

"STRANGER" (London)—You can communicate from here with your relatives in Warsaw, although that city is occupied by the enemy, through the Bureau International de la Paix, Berne, Switzerland, sending a threepenny international reply coupon, obtainable at any post office. Your message will be copied, in the third person, by an official in the Bureau, who will transmit the answer in the same way. Of course, you should be careful to convey no military intelligence and say nothing objectionable to any of the belligerents.

"CONSTANT READER" (A.S.C., France)—The journal of your branch of the Service is the witty little *Open Exhaust*, the Secretary for the Editorial Committee being Pte. Byast, 338 Coy., A.S.C., M.T. Repair Unit, B.E.F., France, who will, no doubt, be only too pleased to tell you anything you want to know in regard to it.

DRIVER F. P. (Farcham)—If ambulance drivers with the Red Cross sign an agreement placing them under Military Law and are subject to military authority, the khaki they wear cannot rightly be described as "quite unofficial"—as was said at Brighton. A man rejected for the army wears the Red Cross khaki with honour.

D. (Deal)—Out of sixty applications, the Easby Rural District Tribunal granted six months' exemption in 34 cases, three months' in 4 cases, two months' in 5, six weeks in 1, one month in 2 cases, one absolute exemption, and seven conditional, thus succeeding in passing six men into the Army. As this kind of thing happens whenever the Easby Tribunal sits, it is a black record.

"VOYAGER" (Huddersfield)—A grand Empire Exhibition to be held in London after the war is a good idea, but it is too soon to plan it. Some of the exhibits will have to come from Berlin and Potsdam.

"FAIRPLAY" (L'pool) thinks there are too many able-bodied Red Cross orderlies engaged in soft jobs which women could easily perform in safety, at sundry base hospitals and convalescent institutions in France. They would be better employed in the firing line than lighting fires and emptying slops. It is undeniable that a great many shirkers are hiding behind the Cross as well as behind the Star.

"WESTGATE" (Newcastle-on-Tyne)—As Sir John Simon is the son of a Congregational minister, one could scarcely call him a Jew.

"THREKAD" (Paisley) thinks that if Baden Powell was placed in supreme command of all the forces of the Allies, the war would be over in six months. Very likely; but how?

G. G. (Streatham)—Why should we try to stop the publication of particulars of the German War Loans? They make us laugh, and show us how enormously greater is our financial strength than that of the Huns.

PRE. J. L. (London, S.W.)—Sorry you suffer from blushing. Strange affliction for a soldier. Were you a Conscientious Objector we could understand it. You would have something to blush about. Waste no money on any of the advertised cures; but mix and talk with strangers as much as possible, and witness a popular revue whenever you get the chance.

H. B. (West Bridgford)—We should have liked to have seen the German prisoners reading JOHN BULL. We hope it was an extra strong issue.

A. R. (Hove) asserts that the term "Britisher" is of German origin, being the invention of bad German-Americans. Henceforth it is taboo in these pages—so long as we think of it.

J. G. C. (Carlisle)—Your accounts of the appalling waste and extravagance in the construction of numerous camps and munitions works which you have witnessed, fill us with violent indignation.

"A CUSTOMER" (Upper Parkstone)—If a Branksome barman refused to supply a customer with a pennyworth of biscuits for his dog, on the ground that it would be an infringement of the "No Treating Order," he was an unmitigated ass. Show him this, with our compliments.

"ALLEGRO" (London, N.)—If we lived in Wiesbaden Road, Stoke Newington, N., we should remove at the first opportunity unless the local authorities changed that hideous Hun name to a British one.

R. R. E. D-B (Acton)—We are certainly "not aware that the eldest son of King Edward VII. by his first marriage with one of the most beautiful ladies of Queen Victoria's Court is still alive in California." Life is full of surprises!

"BIR BEFORE" (Cardiff)—"Is Sir Hiram Maxim's Pipe of Peace and Maxim Inhaler alright?" Too busy with Maxim's guns of war to inquire into his pipe of peace.

"A ROMAN CATHOLIC SOLDIER"—We repeat that it remains, and will remain, a blot on the prestige of the Pope that he did not instantly utter a scathing denunciation of the vile atrocities perpetrated in Belgium by the Huns. Perhaps he regrets it now that he has talked with Cardinal Mercier.

THOMAS M. (Fulham)—One point may be true at any rate: "It will be the married men's turn next."

E. G. W. (London, W.C.)—"So noble men and women, who Duty ne'er forsake, Are ready for the fray, my boys. England is awake." Now we shan't be long.

"NEMO" (Aberdeen) protests that "the teetotalers have more or less reason on their side." But we have never denied they have less, have we?

C. H. (Harrington)—The remedy is in your own hands. You can ensure obtaining a copy of this journal by placing an order definitely with your local newsagent. In times like these, publishers are not sending out unlimited copies "on sale or return."

J. W. B. (London)—Make a present of your tinfoil to the Secretary of the R.A.O.D. It will be sold, we believe, to help found a hospital cot.

PRIVATE R. A. (Military Hosp.)—Thanks. Also sympathy and all good wishes.

J. C. M. (Castlewellan).—Why not put your ideas about farm labour before the Minister for Agriculture?

E. H. (Leytonstone, E.) claims to be the modern Cromwell we are waiting for. Then the sooner he gets him to the House of Commons, and takes away "that bauble," the better.

"CONSTANT READER" (Plymouth).—Can't answer anonymous correspondents about tribunals or anything else.

A. G. (W. Clandon).—The Under-Sec. for War is hereby informed of your opinion that an empty House (of Commons) is preferable to a bad Tennant.

W. B. (Wallsend).—The Premium Watch Co., 13, Normandy Place, Brixton Road, London, S.W., is an audacious bag of tricks. Avoid them.

C. C. B. (Malvern).—Yes, but the purport of this publication is not to trouble ourselves to find out for others what they can easily find out for themselves.

"NOT HAD" (Chingford).—Guineas paid in advance to paying guest "Associations" are usually lost as well as "gone before."

W. A., SR. (Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.).—You are afraid you "offended Balfour" by telling him he was "too ethical." But your plan, "suggested to Churchill," to fight submarines on the chequer board system, beginning with 4,000 vessels as a "temporary measure," was scarcely practical, was it?

PIE. P. S. (Ipswich).—We should have to see the policy before we could say whether or not you are legally entitled to benefit. But any decent company would surely pay out without any quibble, in the circumstances.

H. C. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—The irritating persistency of "Professor" Elmer E. Knowles in pestering strangers with his unsolicited letters and other literary trash from Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., is only equalled by the absurdity of his pretensions.

H. W. (Gifford).—We declared war on Germany at 11 o'clock on the night of August 4th, 1914.

C. H. (s.s. *Armora*).—The late Col. Cody, the experimental aviator, was not the famous Buffalo Bill, but, we believe, was related to him.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Broxburn).—You acted wisely in having nothing whatever to do with the woman from "Foster Bros., the celebrated tea dealers," Edinburgh.

MESSRS. SLADDEN AND STUART (Auctioneers, etc., Holland Park Avenue) wish it to be known that their Mr. Ronald Stuart is not, and is in no way connected with, the person of the same Christian and surnames whose failure to supply the enlargements of two photos, the only pictures of the dead father and mother of a soldier, we recently commented upon. Although Mr. Ronald Stuart, the auctioneer, is from his position unlikely to be confused with the defaulting enlarger, we gladly insert this disclaimer.

H. B. (Cranbrook).—We agree that these constant suicides of agents are a sad feature of industrial assurance, but, on the other hand, we must remember that insurance canvassing often represents the last hope of disappointed men.

"A STOKER."—Carlisle City Council should know that a working week consists of six days, Sunday labour being overtime.

H. T. W. (York).—The £200 first prize in our "Bullets" Competition was for one week only. This week the first three prizes have been increased to £250, £50 and £25, respectively.

W. C. (Bridlington).—Dr. Field, of Bridlington, rendered first aid to victims of a motor smash, and probably saved a life. When he called next day to see his patients at the Lloyd Hospital, it is said he was refused admission. It looks like professional jealousy; if so, it is disgraceful.

F. G. C. (Newcastle).—If the Stores charged girls 5s. for lessons on the promise of engagements at 15s. and then offered only 10s. 6d., it was a sad breach of faith.

Mrs. W. H. W. (Charlton).—Hardly a "fraud," but certainly they might have offered you more than one-and-three for your old teeth.

Mrs. H. P. (Kensington).—What do you suggest a husband should do with a wife who "breaks up the furniture"?

"FRANK" (Rogerstone) says he likes to read our talk, "which is mostly edifying." We like the likes of him.

"DOROTHY" (Deptford).—"Endless Chain Prayer" been going the rounds for years.

A. H. (Southsea).—It is fortunate that you do not require any remuneration for your lines, "The Teuton Blight."

"NEMO."—It should be obvious to the most childish understanding that a vessel broadside on offers the best target for a gunner at sea.

"ARDENT ADMIRER."—Whether the German pirates were shot by order of the Captain of the *Baralong*, or brained by the American cattlemen who had remained on board the *Nicosian*, scarcely matters. The one glad fact remains—that the earth was rid of some of its vilest human scum.

MR. MARSHALL VINCENT—of Mr. Charles Frohman's companies—naturally wishes to be dissociated from the Marshall Vincent, of Buckingham Street, W.C., who offered, in return for a fee, to provide a winning solution in prize competitions. We have pleasure in giving publicity to this disclaimer.

A. L. (Nottingham).—The Roman Solvene Co., of 133, Oxford Street, London, would be more likely to remove your superfluous cash than your superfluous hairs.

THOMAS LEE (Liverpool), in a scurrilous and anti-British letter (lacking his full address, of course), writes: "Believe me, the Cabinet is all right, made up of good men." Who would believe a man who hides in the darkness of anonymity?

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for April 22nd, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 167,704 and A124,506. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

For my latest on the Newbury Cup I must refer readers to my SPECIAL, which will be on sale on Thursday. At the present time I think

GAY LALLY,

who I hear has come on very much since Lingfield, represents best business, but I am warned not to let ARCHIESTOWN run loose. Other winners at the meeting may be SALANDRA, in the Chieveley Double Handicap; ANGUS in the Hatcham Handicap; EARLOCK in the Chieveley Handicap (2nd class); LANGLEY in the Compton Selling Handicap, and ROY D'ECOSSE in the Greenham Stakes.

The SPECIAL (price 6d.) will this week be enlarged to eight pages, and will contain the first instalment of my Editor's racing reminiscences. The Newbury programme will be fully discussed in the light of latest information, and some likely winners indicated. Orders to Messrs. ODUMS, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 29.

Two readers sent coupons showing only three errors, and share the £100, each receiving £50:—

J. SPENCE, 21, Claremont Street, Nelson Street, Manchester.

T. LUCK, c/o Mr. King, Omdurman, Crossfield Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

2013 Pte. W. J. WILLIAMS, Army Headquarters, Cairo. February 5th. 021,602.

S.-S. W. HAWES, 103,580, D/75 Brigade R.F.A., B.E.F. March 25. 134,589.

H. SAYER, "Claremont," Park Avenue, Grimsby. April 1st. 273,102.

J. COWELL, 5, Spring Close Street, off Ellerby Lane, Leeds. April 8th. 794,329.

W. J. BATES, Epperstone, Nottingham. April 8th. A164,905.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 22nd:—

830,842	291,537	883,200	837,324	A123,298
061,030	314,220	870,522	865,427	A150,024
003,808	350,420	508,635	850,350	A160,747
100,748	377,113	615,784	920,953	A183,532
130,250	428,634	647,270	945,170	A227,250
154,587	435,420	689,404	983,034	A260,657
100,001	488,683	701,032	998,104	A283,207
210,323	527,052	750,057	AC32,020	A335,789
257,042	643,961	792,318	A075,113	A369,520
284,067	665,788	827,591	A005,534	A382,440

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 3rd).

WHAT OUR READERS SAY.

Grand Shaft Bks., Dover.
Honestly speaking it is a marvel for the price, and I consider it quite as good as any half-guinea Pen.
E. B. H.

New Springs, Nr. Wigan, Lancs.
I may say that I have used a "John Bull" Pen for three years and it is as good now as it was the first day I got it.
P. D.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 29 1916. N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"BULLETS" GREAT INCREASE—3 BIG PREMIERS!

2ND PRIZE £50	FIRST PRIZE £250	3RD PRIZE £25
5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6		2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.
2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES		

No. _____	Closing date, Thursday, May 4th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(187) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 187, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____	Closing date, Thursday, May 4th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(187) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 188. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 11th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 188 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 188, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 188.

WHAT THE KAISER KNOWS
NEW SUBALTERN
TAX ON MATCHES
MY LANDLADY
MAKES TOMMY SMART

WINNING HAND
HARD TO PART
NEIGHBOUR'S SINGING
HALF MEASURES
MOST PAINFUL WHEN

SIMPLE LIFE
REFUSED
GOVERNMENT WORKS
POOR FATHER
RATES AND TAXES

FAMILY SKELETON
MEAN BUSINESS
NOT IN AGREEMENT
BEARDED LADY
GERMAN SAUSAGE

BULLETS RULES

1. The first Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed.
Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted

on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 187.

COMPULSION
GENERAL TOWNSEND
MATCHLESS
THE GOVERNMENT
EVADING THE ISSUE
THE KAISER'S KID
ANNOYING THE DUTCH
AFTER DARK
ROUGH AND READY
NO THANKS
FINDING THE COPPER
POOR GIRL
BAD LIVER
MADE IN ENGLAND
TOMMY LIKES
GOING FOR A SOLDIER
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS
MOST ENCOURAGING WHEN
LADY SLAVEY
AN EARLY CALL
CAUSES UNPLEASANTNESS
LEARNING TO FLY
COLD SHOULDER
GETTING OFF
KEEPS MOTHER BUSY
CINEMA LOVERS
TURNING THE SCALES
ENGAGING NEW TYPIST
PRESSING BUSINESS
THE GERMAN ARMY

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
PRESSING BUSINESS.
Bullet:—
WHEN UNWELCOME VISITOR ARRIVES.

Example:—
CAUSES UNPLEASANTNESS.
Bullet:—
WORKING OVERTIME SATURDAYS.

Example:—
KEEPS MOTHER BUSY.
Bullet:—
SPRING CLEANING.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 20th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated April 29th.

RESULT OF 184TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £1,000:—

Mr. E. H. CLIMPSON,
73, Pevensey Road, Eastbourne.

Example:—THE BRITISH NAVY.
Bullet:—DOESN'T "SINK" TO MURDER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:—

Mr. W. H. ATKINSON,
19, Cedric St., Weaste, Manchester.

Example:—WON'T SERVE.
Bullet:—THEN "TAKE" THE CONSEQUENCES.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. PRENTICE, 6, Market Square, Marlow:
HOW TO END WAR—FIND "KEY" TO "DEADLOCK."
Miss S. PHILLIPS, 142, Whitechapel Road, London, E.:
GERMANY—"MEANS TO SPARE" NONE.
Mr. W. R. HALL, Birkbeck, Hellenburgh:
THE BRITISH NAVY—MORE WE "BUILD ON."
Mr. E. DAY, 30, Spring Gardens, Weymouth, Dorset:
WHAT MARRIED MAN WANTS—GIVE HIM A "MISS."
Mr. E. GOODIER, 20, Cypress St., Harpurhey, Manchester:
AFTER THE WEDDING—HIS "PASSION" REVEALED.
Mr. W. PILLANS, 86, Bowman Street, Crosshill, Glasgow:
SIMPLE SIMON—LEFT—"A GOOD JOB."
Mr. G. F. H. DAVIDSON, 7, Oakley Road, Dublin:
NO SINGLE MAN—"BUT HALF TICKETS, PLEASE!"
Mr. E. BENFIELD, 49, Hermercroft Road, Sydenham, S.E.:
GOING TO ATTEST—APPROVED "DEALING WITH ENEMY."

Mrs. BEVAN, 93, High Street, Nantyllyon, South Wales:
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW—OLD MOORE'S CLOSEST RE-
LATION.

Mr. G. L. MOSS, 163, Warminster Road, Sheffield:
WICKED WASTE—BUYING "PENNY BREADFULS" NOW.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. W. E. HUSTLEY, Courtenay Villa, Crediton:
AFTER THE RAID—ONE "HOUSE" REMAINS
"UNSHAKEN."
Mrs. L. W. BLAND, 7, Whenell Terrace, Tebay, West-
morland:
THE KAISER'S CONSCIENCE—HE DOESN'T "MIND" THAT.
Miss C. L. MOND, Garrison School, Marlboro' Lines,
Aldershot:
WON'T SERVE—"OLD ONES" "DONE UP."

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Mr. THOS. TAYLOR (National Teacher), Kilkree, Co. Down,
Ireland:

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW—MAKES "CALLING" HER
"VOCATION."

Mr. G. H. EDWARDS, Victoria Street, Cinderford, Glos.:
GERMANY—WILL NEVER "DISARM" SUSPICION.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. WAKE, 14, Bellerby Terrace, West Hartlepool:
AFTER THE WEDDING—BIGGER "HOLE" IN "STOCK-
ING."

AGNES LEES, 6, Craston Street, Queen's Rd., Manchester:
WON'T SERVE—AWKWARD IF POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS

No. _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 4th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(187) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competi-
tion in accordance with the rules
and conditions announced on the
opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 187," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 4th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(187) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competi-
tion in accordance with the rules
and conditions announced on the
opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

£100
For
Reading
these
correctly!
£25
MUST BE WON

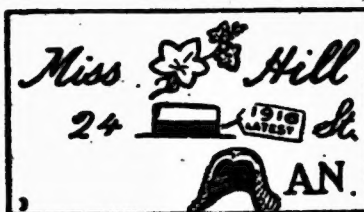
This is the first set of a new series
of Picture Postcard Puzzles commencing
in this week's

"EVERYWOMAN'S,"

each week's competition being complete in itself. Post-
card No. 1 shows you how to read them. Each name,
address, and town is to be found in an ordinary Directory
and "Bradshaw's Index to Railway Stations." All you
have to do is to write in the spaces below the pictures
the name of the persons, streets and towns you think
the pictures represent. £100 will be paid by EVERY-
WOMAN'S for an all-correct coupon. £25 must be won.

Extra coupons may be obtained from this week's issue of
EVERYWOMAN'S; or you may send in additional solutions on
plain paper. One penny stamp must be sent with each set,
and your own name and address clearly written on each set sub-
mitted. EVERYWOMAN'S is

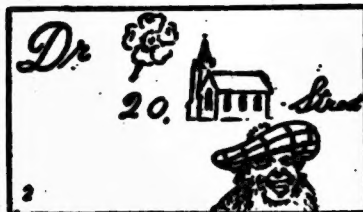
NOW ON SALE—ONE PENNY.



Miss Ivy Hill.

24, New St.

Wigan



Dr.

20, ...

St.

19, ...

Sq.,

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Mr. P.

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Capt.

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St.

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Sq.,

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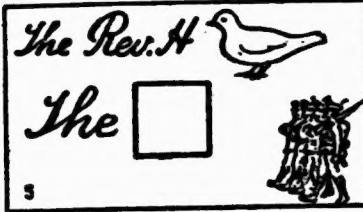
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The Rev. H.

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St.

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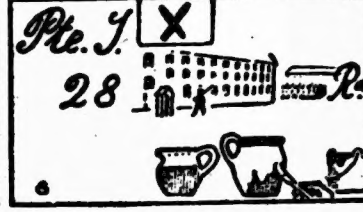
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Pte. J.

28, ...

St.

19, ...

Sq.,

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YOU MAY USE THIS SET.

I submit the above solutions and agree to abide by the Editor's decision and
award, and by the conditions published in the current issue of "Every-
woman's."

PIN
Penn Postage
Stamp
HERE

Name

Address

No. 1.

Results will be announced in an early issue of "Everywoman's."
Address entries to "Everywoman's," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden,
London, W.C. Mark the envelope "Postcards No. 1" in top left-hand
corner. Entries must reach us not later than first post on Thursday, May 4.

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

That Constipation which gives so much trouble when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home is not due to the Liver, but is due to Bowel Indigestion.

CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

READ THE REASON WHY.

YOU HAVE A LIVER. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and, as a consequence, your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

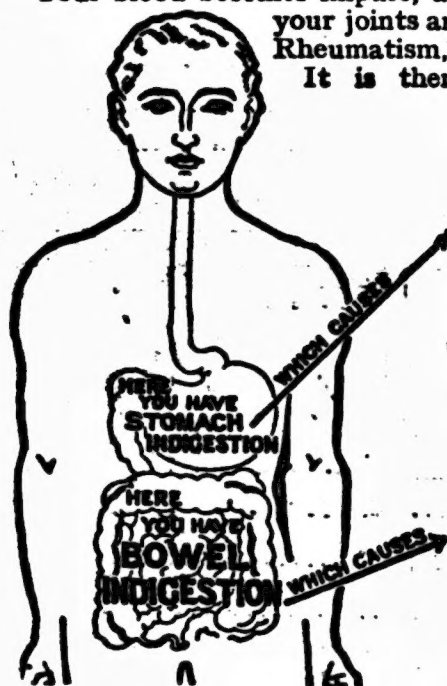
As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms, therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure, and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica. It is therefore useless to treat

the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and their patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing Teeth on Edge.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Gripping and Constipation.

EVERY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU

that when you take Soda, Magnesia, or alkaline drugs, or preparations which neutralise the Acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, because the Gastric Juice which Nature secretes into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid, and if you neutralise that Acid you destroy the Digestive Ferments and so stop digestion of the food and thus cause Indigestion. These are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion. Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all

upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

GET CICFA NOW, OR TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and one penny stamp for postage, with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

John Bull. 29/4/16.

